National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

THEOLOGY AND LIBERTY.

[Once, the sects resented as a slander the intimation that the Anti-Slavery Movement was a development of principles cherished by them. Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy alike disclaimed all affinity with such fanaticism, and boasted their conservative tendencies. But lo! a change has come o'er the spirit of their dreams. The Anti-Slavery Movement has come to be so respectable and influential, that the sects are beginning to contend with each other for the honour of giving it birth! Unitarianism contends that the noble child sprang from the loins of dissent and heresy, so-called, while Orthodoxy stoutly claims the honour of its parentage. We do not undertake to decide upon their respective claims, nor even to express an opinion upon the subject; but, for the edification of our readers, we will let the parties speak for themselves, in chronological order.]

AT one of the Unitarian Anniversaries in Boston, in May last, Rev. M. D. CONWAY, of Washington, D. C., said:

"Money should be poured out freely to establish *freedom* first of all, as preparatory to *Unitarian* freedom. He did not know how we could think of speaking of theology just now; did not see the *pertinence* of it. God himself was presenting before us the report on which we were to decide and act. With Lawrence in flames, and our noblest Senator, himself a lover and supporter of Unitarianism, lying prostrate with these bloody gashes upon his head, it was time for us to take a *practical* stand. Unitarianism must show the world that it is *not* the old orthodoxy, in allowing man to be *so cheap* that he should be made a slave. If, said he, you could only see the *recklessness* with which freedom is trodden down, you would all hear the bugle-call, bidding you to rise and *work* like men. He had but lately received a letter from one in a Western State, who had heard that there was *somewhere* the church favourable to the spiritual and physical necessities of man, and was making eager inquiries to find it. There were men in Washington who did not know the A B C of Unitarian theology, and who often made the most amusing inquiries respecting it. But they thought it must be *true*, if it was on the side of freedom. The Liberal church in Washington had been assailed publicly and openly, on the very ground of the inseparable connection between Unitarianism and anti-slavery. If the Unitarians have the credit of this thing abroad, if they are so *terribly misunderstood* in different parts of the country, then let them resolve that *there is* an essential connection between their theology and *absolute freedom* for every man, white or black, and nothing short of it!"

The Rev. Mr. NUTE, of Kansas, said:

"He felt that he could now anticipate his return to his people with joy rather than with sorrow. He could bear to them the sympathies of the body of Liberal Christians here, and these would be *worth something* in Kansas — would be worth *everything* there. They have, said he, an apprehension there that the body of Unitarians in New England leads the van of the noble army of freedom; that they stand true as steel in this great crisis. They think you must be looked upon, even here in New England, as a band of fanatics on this subject. There is another gleam of hope, that breaks upon my mind in a clearer conception than I have ever had before, of the *congeniality* of the liberal spirit of Christianity with the great cause of freedom, and those who struggle for it throughout the world. If there is anything peculiar in the form of Christianity here represented, it is the great idea of the human brotherhood, based upon that view of human nature which we cherish as in the sight of God, and which makes it *impossible* for any one holding these sentiments to buy and sell in the marketplace *God's image and likeness* (applause). He had preached in Kansas this peculiarity of the Unitarian faith more than any other, and it had drawn together into his little society there, all the leading spirits of the place."

The Rev. H. W. BELLOWS, of New York, said:

"He considered slavery itself as nothing but the embodiment of the horrible spirit of Calvinism. He objected to even the tendency toward Orthodoxy in our body; it was a tendency in the wrong direction. Those who are well acquainted with the natural spirit of our country, know that Liberal Christianity lies in its very heart and soul. Our movement needs to be nationalized; and to that end it must be made broader, less timid, less governed by narrow New England notions. We must be more free, take in a larger horoscope to carry out this great work. We could not see the West from Boston Common. He thought there was danger of substituting a fearful strictness of creed for a fearful strictness of conscience. Orthodoxy had tried *that* long enough. We want less rigour in the *creed*, and a great deal more *conscience* and manly judgment to accept and understand the *great duties* that devolve upon us as American citizens."

[The *New York Evangelist* presents the other side of the question, as follows:]

CALVINISM AND LIBERTY.

At the recent meeting of the American Unitarian Association in Boston, Rev. Dr. Bellows, of this city, is reported as using the following language: "*Slavery itself is nothing but the embodiment of the horrible spirit of Calvinism.*" For what purpose this Rev. gentleman gave utterance to such an atrocious remark, he himself has informed us. In the opening of his speech he expresses himself in these words: "The meetings of this Association, on several occasions, have been paralyzed by the violent obtrusion of the subject of slavery, in its own virulence and audacity. It had again and again taken forcible and irresistible possession of our minds and thoughts, when we had assembled to carry out *our own objects* in our own quiet way. He wished to establish a connection between the feeling which had been aroused against slavery, and that which should be aroused in behalf of our own Association; to turn the current of strong hatred to all bondage and oppression, in behalf of our own religious movement." That is to say, the object of the Unitarian Association is to promote Unitarianism. They had been annoyed on previous occasions by the unwelcome and forcible intrusion of this matter of slavery — but as the public mind this year happens to be in a great ferment on this very subject, it is well to take advantage of this excitement, and turn the swelling current on to their own mill-wheels, and so make use of popular enthusiasm to promote their *own* denominational objects. In accordance with this design — knowing that there is just now no name which embodies so much that is odious and intolerable as *Slavery*, he catches at the term, and hurls it at that venerable system of Theology against which his denomination has arrayed itself in open antagonism. "All is fair in politics" is a rule of tactics often quoted and illustrated in other circles — but such a use and application of it, from such a quarter, and on such a theme, has excited in us no little astonishment.

The deliberate manner in which the purpose is declared does not allow Dr. Bellows to escape on the apology of using an unpremeditated expression in the haste and impulse of excited debate. We can regard it, therefore, as nothing else than the slang of spite, and the bitter invective of genuine *fanaticism*. We use this latter term with due discrimination. Isaac Taylor, in his analysis of fanaticism, has mentioned this as its peculiar and distinctive characteristic, that it has an element of malignity in it. A mind inflamed with noble enthusiasm in a just cause may be pardoned for many errors and excesses, but when one suffers himself, in his zeal for his own objects, and in his opposition to rival sects and opinions, to make use of language which betrays the presence of a malign sentiment, he takes his place among real fanatics. We are sorry — truly sorry to see one in such ranks whom we would prefer to associate with scholarly liberality; with personal urbanity and Christian courtesy.

We should vastly prefer to see Dr. Bellows use the arguments of logic and learning, of history and exegesis, in manly strife against the theological system he opposes, than descend, where we fear from all accounts he has been fast tending of late, to the fanatical use of the *odium theologicum*. Personal consistency, and decorum certainly may be expected from the advocates of "Liberal Christianity."

Had not Dr. Bellows himself sufficiently explained his own object in the use of the language on which we are commenting; had he not evinced no little chagrin in seeing several in his own body "tending towards Orthodoxy"; had he not himself commented on an evident disposition in some quarters to advance into a "semi-orthodoxy," and so felt himself compelled to use language expressive of his own *immense hate* of Calvinism, we should feel ourselves under the necessity of saying somewhat in defence of that long-lived and venerable system against which passion has hurled its impotent missile.

But we are content to ask that gentleman one question. How does it come to pass, if the spirit of Calvinism is so "horrible," if "Slavery" is its very "embodiment," that those parts of the world where it has prevailed the widest and the longest, are the most remarkable for their intense hatred of all kinds of oppression, and for the fullest and fairest culture of all that give value and grace to life? Indeed, we should like to dwell on this topic, and show how large a part of the world, at this very hour, are unconsciously indebted to the silent power of doctrines that many affect to despise, for all the life and freedom which they possess. "Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry, James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, I find it," says Mr. Carlyle, speaking of this old sturdy Genevan faith — "acting in the heart's core of every one of those persons and phenomena." All forms of thought, enterprise, life, progress, are enfolded, as might forests in a single germ, in that system which Calvin ecclaircized and announced; and he who suffers himself to speak of this as a dread dogma, as a horrible system of slavery, only shows that he knows nothing of the origin, history, and progress of modern civilization.

To our readers we commend the following extract from Mr. Bancroft's History, written at a time when he was not suspected of any personal leaning towards Calvinism. It is the judgment of a calm and catholic reason, and not the objurgation of heated fanaticism:

"It is in season to rebuke the intolerance which would limit the praise of Calvin to a single sect. They who have no admiration but for wealth and rank, can never admire the Genevan Reformer; for though he possessed the richest mind of his age, he never emerged from the limits of frugal poverty. The rest of us may be allowed to reverence his virtues, and regret his errors. More truly benevolent to the human race than Solon, more self-denying than Lycurgus, the genius of Calvin infused enduring elements into the institutions of Geneva, and made it, for the modern world, the impregnable fortress of popular liberty, the fertile seed-plot of democracy.

"Again, we boast of our common schools; Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of Free Schools.

"Again, we are proud of the free States that fringe the Atlantic. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists in France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots; the ships from Holland, that first brought colonists to Manhattan, were filled with Calvinists. *He that will not honour the memory, and respect the influence of Calvin, knows but little of the origin of American Liberty.*

"Or do personal considerations chiefly win applause? Then no one merits our sympathy and admiration more than Calvin. The young exile from France, who achieved an immortality of fame before he was twenty-eight years of age, now boldly reasoning with the King of France for religious liberty; now venturing as the apostle of truth, to carry the new doctrines into the heart of Italy; and now hardly escaping from the fury of papal persecution; the purest writer, the keenest dialectician of his age; pushing free inquiry only as the means of arriving at fixed principles. The light of his genius scattered the mask of darkness which superstition had held, for centuries, before the brow of religion. His probity was unquestioned, his morals spotless. His only happiness consisted in 'the task of glory and of good'; for sorrow found its way into his private relations. He was an exile from his place of birth. As a husband, he was doomed to mourn the premature loss of his wife; as a father, he left the bitter pangs of burying his only child. Alone in the world, alone in a strange land, he went forward in his career with serene resignation and inflexible firmness; no love of ease turned him aside from his vigils; no fear of danger relaxed the nerve of his eloquence; no bodily infirmities checked the incredible activity of his mind; and so he continued, year after year, solitary and feeble, yet toiling for humanity; till, after a life of glory, he bequeathed to his personal heirs a fortune, in books and furniture, stocks and money, not exceeding two hundred dollars, and to the world, *a pure reformation, a republican spirit in religion, with the kindred principles of republican liberty.*"

[The *Christian Inquirer* meets the argument of the *Evangelist* in an article from which we present the following extract:]

But now, let us say a word in explanation of the real point at issue, viz: the alleged connection between slavery and Calvinism. We maintain that this connection is real; and that the effort to direct the popular enthusiasm against slavery towards the theological opinions that fortify and inspire it, is legitimate. The fundamental doctrine of Calvinism is the Fall of man, from which his total depravity, and the whole system of opinions hanging upon it, logically follow. Contempt for man — distrust of his natural ability to do right — has been the rotten corner-stone of the political and theological institutions of the Old World. Under the Catholic system, the power to oppress lay in the exclusive possession of the Sacraments essential to salvation assumed by the Church and priesthood; in the Protestant system, it lay where it still lies, in the exclusive possession of the dogmas essential to salvation assumed by the creed-makers. The creed of Calvinism is, as everybody knows, the most intolerant, oppressive and offensive in its terms, which the world has ever seen. The fear of an eternal hell has alone been able to drive men into its profession. It is confessedly revolting to the human soul, and nothing, it is avowed, but an alleged supernatural change of heart can make it welcome there. If men are what Calvinism describes them, they are, in that natural state in which all but an elect few must and do remain through life, fit only to be governed by a spiritual or political aristocracy. Nay, if any such permanent distinction as Calvinism insists upon, between the elect and the abandoned of God, really exists in the Divine government, there is not only nothing preposterous in the relations of masters and slaves, but the spiritual castes of the Calvinistic creed make the other inequalities and servitudes of this world shrink into matters of supreme indifference. A Southern master, looking upon his slave, can say, "If God elects one man to be saved and another to be damned, much more will he elect one man to be master and another to be slave; and if man has utterly fallen from his rectitude, and is now the depraved son of a cursed sire, why should not the slave be that portion of humanity most signally marked with the curse of God, and most permanently set apart for the burdens and penalties of the common sin?" A black race and a white race, a race of slaves and a race of masters, is the embodiment of a creed which elects the few to salvation and the many to eternal misery. And consequently we find, with the depraved morals of the South, a sound Calvinistic theology prevailing there. As Gen. Hamilton said, "We don't allow the doctrine of the Trinity to be discussed at the South;" and he might have added, "Nor the doctrines of total depravity, vicarious atonement and election." These doctrines are felt to be favourable to the peculiar institution. The literal inspiration of the Scriptures — a dogma which Calvinism hugs in proportion to its thoroughness — is deemed absolutely essential to the defence of slavery. The Bible, as Calvinism interprets it — depraved reason, polluted instinct, vile natural affection, all bowing before a few scattered texts of Scripture — is found eminently favourable to slavery; and Old School Presbyterians can hold their sessions in New York in the midst of the recent deluge of anti-slavery sentiment, and float about as serenely in their ark of Scripture-wrought pro-slavery theology, as if they were the peculiar family of God! Calvinism is a systematic prostration of the soul of man before a creed which denies him to be still in the image of his Maker. Its doctrines logically involve contempt for, and distrust of our species. They logically favour inequality, oppression, cruelty and vindictiveness. The master cannot treat his slaves worse than, upon its theory, God treats our race. The blackness of the negro is a part of the frown of the Almighty and of the ruin of the world. What hope would the slave have if Calvinism were his only friend? What refuge would the slaveholder find if Calvinism afforded him no covert? Who in this country but those who have broken loose from Orthodox theology, and who hate Calvinism with their utmost hatred, have wrought efficiently at the breaking of the negro's chain? If Wilberforce, in Old England, was a leader in the anti-slavery fight and at the same time a Calvinist, Clarkson, its greater champion, when besieged by fanatical inquiries about the state of his soul, replied that his labours for Humanity had left him little time to think about his own Salvation. In this country, it is notorious that anti-slavery reform is associated with distrust and abandonment of Calvinism, which, in our days, is commonly felt to be a fortress of intellectual, social and political oppression. Slavery, we may most deliberately say, is "the embodiment of the horrible spirit of Calvinism."

But the *Evangelist* has an overwhelming question to put to Dr. Bellows: "How does it come to pass that those parts of the world where Calvinism has prevailed the longest and the widest are the most remarkable for their intense hatred of oppression, and for the fullest and fairest culture of all that give value and grace to life?" We reply that it was the *Protestantism* of the Reformers, not their theology, which gave them their beneficent influence. Calvinism was for many generations identified with the highest activity of the human intellect, with great sacrifices for conscience' sake, and a grand and glorious controversy with a corrupt Church. We honour Calvin with a peculiar reverence. We know not that anything less than his iron hammer could have broken open the half-unbarred gates which Luther had assailed. But it was the Protestantism, not the Lutheranism, nor the Calvinism of the Reformers, that emancipated the human mind and founded modern civilization. That Protestantism was essentially the spirit of freedom; for it was the human mind in its native, original force asserting itself, and in its high tide it could float even Calvinism, iron though it were. But what stopped the Reformation? Not the Protestantism, but the Lutheranism and the Calvinism. And now, it is not the Protestantism, but the Lutheranism and the Calvinism, which Orthodoxy, so-called, is alone anxious to perpetuate. The true Protestants are those who, in the very seats where Calvinism had its European and its American cradles, 'where it has prevailed the widest and the longest' — Geneva and Boston — have got most heartily tired of it, and seen that the liberty and the Calvinism of the Puritans and of the Reformers must be carefully distinguished from each other, and the one taken and the other left.

The *Evangelist*, we may say in conclusion, is welcome to the full value of Mr. Bancroft's opinion, either before or after he was suspected of "any personal leaning towards Calvinism." Doubtless the *Evangelist* knows better than we his latest phase of theological opinion; and we are not displeased to know that his lukewarmness in the cause of the slave is so philosophically accounted for by his admiration of Calvinism.

[We add the following from the Boston *Christian Register*:]

RELIGIOUS EFFECTS OF FREEDOM.

Some time since, Cassius M. Clay, in a speech on slavery, in Kentucky, expressed the opinion that the effect of that system on the morals of a community was evidently undesirable. This surprised a Mr. De Courcy, who at once interrupted the speaker, to urge, what seemed to him, a convincing proof of the incorrectness of Mr. Clay's assertion. He reminded him of the wretched state of religion in the Northern States compared with that of the South, all undoubtedly the effect of the prevalence of freedom and slavery respectively. "The North has *seven hundred* Unitarian and Universalist churches," cried he in exulting triumph, "while the whole South has only *seven*. And yet Mr. Clay says our morals are bad."

Whether Mr. Clay felt this to be an unanswerable argument, we are not told, but the concomitance intimated of slavery with Orthodox, and of liberty with liberal Christianity, is suggestive of more considerations than Mr. De Courcy urges or thought of. The two members of each brace are, probably, in some degree, mutually cause and effect. If liberty tends to Unitarianism, Unitarianism tends to liberty; and if slavery encourages Orthodoxy, Orthodoxy in turn repays the service, and tends somewhat to encourage slavery. All kinds of freedom, mental and social, have a natural affinity, and all kinds of bondage strengthen one another. Hence the historical fact of the rise of liberal Christianity in the freest nations, and its spread in proportion to their freedom. New England, Geneva, England, Poland, Transylvania, France, whenever the incubus of despotism has been removed, has broken out into Unitarianism notwithstanding strong adverse influences. On the other hand, Austria, Russia, &c., know nothing of it. Spain and Italy are as true to the Trinity as they are false to the rights of men.

Mr. De Courcy might have strengthened his perverse argument. He might have spoken of other forms of liberal Christianity besides Unitarianism and Universalism, and boasted without contradiction of the incompatibility of slavery with them. It secures to the happy lands over which it broods an exemption almost entire from Friends, Christians, Protestant Methodists and Arminian Episcopalians; and, in fact, all denominations under it assume a bluer shade of Evangelism. As we travel North, the theological, unlike the natural, sky grows less lurid and lowering. However, we thank him for his concession, and acknowledge the force of his argument, that the seven hundred churches he speaks of, have had more to do in behalf of freedom, than all the Orthodox churches on our continent.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1856.

* * * THE venerable Giddings, of Ohio, took the floor last evening (the Brooks outrage being under consideration), and drawing from his long experience convicted every slave defender of his own and his party's inconsistency. He had been upon trial at the bar of the House years ago, simply for introducing resolutions of an anti-slavery character. There was no question of constitutional power then raised as to his censure or expulsion. With *two* solitary and glorious exceptions, the entire slavocracy believed in, and exercised the power to censure him for doing his duty in obedience to his oath. But now it is the other ox that is gored. John Quincy Adams, the venerable sage of Quincy, had stood at the bar of this house for thirteen long days, when the South ran mad over the introduction of a petition by him, and not one man upon either side thought of raising the question as to the power of the House over its own members.

But then slavery reigned supreme in these halls. Now the hero of the bludgeon, who smites a freeman and a Senator for the utterances of liberty, and that too in the Senate Chamber, now bludgeon-using slavery is at the bar, and freedom holding the balance of power here, subterfuges and abstractions are the order of the day. I hope your readers will peruse the speech of Mr. Giddings. I think his closing remarks excelled anything I ever heard from his lips. He alluded feelingly to his battle for liberty for the long years of his public life spent in this House; the time when he stood alone in the conflict, the exciting scenes through which he had passed. Pistols had been placed at his breast, and bowie-knives had gleamed over his head. But the only answer he made to such attempted intimidations had been: "My constituents have not sent a *coward* here to represent them!" Glorious old man, I could have hugged him in my enthusiasm! But when he spoke tremblingly of his silvery locks and stooping form, that "the pitcher was breaking at the fountain, and the wheel only revolving tardily at the cistern," that his battles were about over, when he pointed to the sturdy array of liberty-loving and slavery-hating representatives which had gathered around him to catch his words, and bequeathed to them the success of the issues he had so long struggled to inaugurate, their strong, manly hearts broke down, and stout men wept like children. I had seen and mingled with these men during all the hard struggles of this stirring Congress, bearing up with almost superhuman energy and lion courage against every obstacle, brave as heroes even in a temporary defeat, with an iron muscle and nerve of brass which indicated no weakness in their composition, but they wept like children there.

The scene of the dying patriarch with his sons around him rushed upon my mind, and it almost seemed as if the venerable man would utter as his closing sentence the dying words of the venerable Jacob: "I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca his wife, and there I buried Leah."

I felt — we all felt, that the Sages had gone one after another to their final rest, and now the Sage of the Ashtabula district was uttering a portion of the closing words of his long and pure public life.

I loved the men who wept. It showed the great secret of their strength. It was the "Open Sessame" which admitted you within the veil of their being. *They have hearts.* — *Cor. Independent.*

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

From The Christian Inquirer.

Not having been present at the meetings of the Western Conference at Chicago, and having access only to the imperfect newspaper reports of its discussions, we have not been able clearly to see why it should have refused to pass the resolutions condemnatory of the outrages upon liberty in Kansas and at Washington. We have, to be sure, no great faith in, or esteem for, resolutions, whether of caucuses or conferences. We think it would be better at all our religious conventions, to have simply the discussion of topics and the statement of individual opinions. It is hard to frame resolutions to which any number of men can conscientiously subscribe; and the attempt to do it generally leads to a paring away and emasculating which leaves a mass of words that may mean almost anything, and therefore practically mean nothing. But it does not appear that it was any objection of this sort that weighed with those who opposed the resolutions introduced at Chicago. The rules of the Convention, it seems require a unanimous vote. But there was but one mind as to the sentiments involved in the resolutions. The objectors hastened to declare their individual condemnation of the outrages. The clerical objectors hastened to proclaim their anti-slavery fidelity and boldness of speech at home in their own pulpits. They only objected to having the united voice of the Conference say what, as individuals, they all said. And why? the question recurs. We can gather no better answer from the reported speeches than this: That the resolutions were out of place in a religious meeting; that their passage would disturb the harmony of the Conference, destroy its usefulness, weaken its influence, and injure the cause of Unitarianism.

In short, there was all the old oily, lukewarm, doughy, cottony talk which has been heard at any time the last ten years in conferences, and caucuses, and pulpits, and at the corners of the street. It was a part of that great weak policy of do-nothing and say-nothing, of stand-aside and let alone, of acquiescence and compromise, under which slavery has grown so strong, rampant, and aggressive, and liberty so emasculated and paralyzed. It was a part of that system of silence and silencing, whose fit symbol is the bloody cane of Preston Brooks. It was a part of the great political panacea of "conquering prejudices" and "sacrificing personal feeling." It was a part of the miserable Atheism which excludes God from the government of the world, drives religion out of politics, and divorces Christianity from life. It was a part of that fatal policy which puts propriety above earnestness, fitness above freedom, popularity above principle, peace above righteousness, the interests of a sect above the interests of humanity.

True policy is simply the finding the best means to accomplish a noble end. It never subjects the end to the means. And in critical times, like the present, boldness and enthusiasm are the best policy. Nay, fearlessness and manliness are always the best policy, that is, the best means of attaining all worthy ends. Faith is the true prudence, because it is keen-sighted and far-sighted; looks not at immediate and transient consequences, but at final and enduring results; accepts present failure, and gives up present gain, for the sake of future and real success.

This is not the time for palliatives and poultices, for dough and opium. Our country, sinking into fatal lethargy, has just begun to be awakened; cantharides are better than death; no lukewarm potions will save the precious life, but the shock of ice-cold waters gushing from the unsealed depths. Nor must we be hampered in such a crisis by etiquettes and proprieties. All times are timely, all places fitting.

Short-sighted prudences, cautious and timid policies, fears and doubts and soft words must give way before the tide of natural divine indignation at wrong. Things must be called by their right names, let who will wince, let who will suffer. "Be bold, be bold, be bold." It is not yet nearly time for the final caution, "Be not too bold."

Above all, in the Church and its meetings do we demand now a manly, a divine attitude; the lightning glance, the thunder voice, the doom-pointing finger of the prophet; the not doubtful trumpet of the watchman; the voice crying, Repent; the Jesus-tones, gentle to the penitent sinner, stern, deep, indignant, and fatal to the God-defying, man-oppressing Pharisee.

As the votes of the Convention are required by its rules to be unanimous, we cannot but hope that it was a small minority who opposed the passage of the Resolutions. It was shameful that there should have been any, on the grounds asserted. We know not what other explanation they may have given, but with the information we have we cannot but pronounce their course unworthy of the position they hold.

We cannot conceive how a Christian minister living in or near Missouri, in view of the wickedness that has been enacted there and is still going on, can feel that his duty is fulfilled in speaking gentle words of non-resistance. There are weapons of warfare, not carnal, but powerful; not gentle and mild, but stern, searching, keen and terrible.

We cannot but hope that some of those anti-slavery sermons which would "get a Boston minister into trouble," are now launching their just, indignant rebuke into the ears of Missourian hearers, and calling back the consciences of the people to the simple principles of honesty, humanity, and good behaviour.

DEMOCRATIC SLAVE MARKETS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ST. LOUIS, Wednesday, July 2, 1856.

IT is rumoured that an ancient people consecrated the Fourth of this month to Liberty. So, I thought the second of July might be a good day to visit a Democratic Slave Market.

I have before been in other slave States, but never in Missouri. The first thing that struck me on arriving in this city was the apparent absence of the negro race. In a crowd of a thousand persons on the levee this morning, assembled to witness the burning of six steamboats, I could not count ten black faces. I was told, in explanation, that the coloured population was all "up town" — not in the business part of the city.

So, too, I searched the newspapers for slave advertisements, though I knew this city not to be a great mart for those commodities like Richmond. But in vain. At last, in a corner of *The Republican*, I discovered the following:

NEGROES WANTED.—I wish to purchase a large lot of NEGROES, expressly for the Louisiana and Mississippi market, for which I will pay the highest cash prices. All those who have Negroes for sale would do well to give me a call. I can always be seen at the City Hotel, or at Mr. Thompson's Negro Yard, No. 67 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo.
je4d&w3m* JOHN MATTINGLY.

B. M. LYNCH, No. 100 Locust st., between Fourth and Fifth sts., St. Louis, Mo., being permanently located for the purchase of Negroes, will pay the highest market value. He will also buy and sell on commission, having a good yard for their accommodation.
Particular attention paid to the selection of homes for favourite servants. Negroes for sale at all times. ja3

NEGROES WANTED and for SALE.—WANTED, and for SALE, NEGROES of all kinds, at my office, No. 67 Locust st., between 2d and 3d sts., St. Louis, Mo. Having a good and safe yard to board and keep Negroes, I will buy and sell on commission as low as any other house in this city. Please give me a call. [mh29ly] CORBIN THOMPSON.

I took an early opportunity to call on Mr. Corbin Thompson. I found him in the doorway of a little wooden office, like a livery stable office in one of our cities; he being a large, lounging, good-natured looking man, not unlike a reputable stable-keeper in appearance and manner. Inside his stable, alas! I saw his dusky "stock," and he readily acceded to my desire to take a nearer look at them.

Behind the little office there was a dirty little dark room; behind that a dirty little kitchen, opening into a dirty little yard. This yard was surrounded by high brick walls, varied by other walls made of old iron plates, reaching twenty feet high. These various places were all swarming with negroes, dirty and clean, from six years old to forty — perhaps two dozen in all, *the majority being children under fourteen.*

"Fat and sleek as Harry Clay's," said my conductor, patting one on the head patriarchally.

Most of them had small paper fans, which they used violently. This little article of comfort looked very odd, amid such squalid raggedness as most of them showed. One was cooking, two or three washing, and two playing euchre with a filthy pack of cards. The sun shone down intensely hot (it was noon) in the little brick yard, and they sat, lounged or lay about, only the children seeming lively.

I talked a little with them, and they answered, some quietly, some with that mixture of obsequiousness and impudence so common among slaves. Mr. Thompson answered all questions very readily. The "negroes" or "niggers," he said (seldom employing the Virginia phrases, "servants" or "people"), came mostly from Missouri or Virginia, and were with him but a little while. "Buy when I can and sell when I can, that's my way; and never ask no questions, only in the way of trade. At this season, get a good many from travellers."

On inquiry, he explained this mystery by adding that it was not uncommon for families visiting Northern watering places to bring along a likely boy or girl, and sell them to pay the expenses of the jaunt! This is a feature of the patriarchal institution which, I think, has escaped Mrs. Stowe. Hereafter I shall never see a Southern heiress at Newport without fancying I read on her ball-dress the names of the "likely boy or girl" who was sold for it. "As for yonder Sambo and Dinah" (I meditated), "no doubt young Buford Dashaway, Esq., is at this moment driving them out to Saratoga Lake, as a pair of blood horses. O, Miss Caroline Petittoes, of Fifth avenue, how did it would be if, as you sit superb by his side, those four-legged cattle suddenly resumed the squalid two legged condition in which I now behold them, in Thompson's negro-yard, No, 69 Locust street."

I strolled back into the front office and sat down to see if anything turned up. The thing that turned up was a rather handsome, suburban-looking two-horse carriage, out of which stepped, lazily, a small, spare, gentlemanly man, evidently a favoured patron of my host. After a moment's private talk, Thompson went out, while the gentleman said abruptly to me, "Well, it is all bad enough, housekeeping, marketing and all, but I'm d—d if servants ain't the worst of all." We then talked a little, and I found him the pleasantest type of Southerner — courteous, kind, simple, a little imperious — finally, a man of property, member of the City Government, and living a little out of town.

Thompson came in and shook his head. "Can't *let* negroes to anybody, Mr. ——. Glad to *sell*, anyhow."

"Got a good article of a small girl?" said the gentleman suddenly.

"Martha!" shouted the slavedealer, and presently three good articles, aged 11, 9 and 7, came trotting in. I had not seen them before. Nice little pink frocks, not very dirty-barefooted, of course, but apparently well taken care of, and evidently sisters. With some manœuvering they were arranged in line before my new acquaintance, the purchaser.

He fixed his eye on Sue, a black marble statue, aged seven. Nothing could have been kinder than Mr. ——'s manner in addressing the little thing. "Will you like to come and live with me, and have some little girls to play with?"

(It *is* a little patriarchal, I said. That kind voice would win any child.)

I looked to see the merry African smile on the child's face. But no smile came. There was a moment's pause.

"Speak up, child," said the merchant roughly. But she didn't speak up, nor look up either. Down went the black marble face, drooping down, down, till the chin rested on the breast of the little pink frock. Down, down came one big tear, and then another, over the black marble cheeks; and then the poor little wretch turned away to the wall and burst into as hearty an agony of tears as *your* little idol Susy, or *yours* (my good New England mother), might give way to, at such an offer from the very kindest man who ever chewed tobacco in the streets of Missouri!

Human nature *is* a rather unconquerable thing, after all, isn't it?

My kind purchaser looked annoyed and turned away. The slavetrader gave an ominous look to the poor child, such as I had not seen on his face before. "Beg pardon, sir" (said he, gruffly), "they only came from Virginia yesterday, and haven't learnt how to treat gentlemen *yet*" (with an emphasis).

Poor little Sue!

The purchaser next turned to Martha, the older sister, a bright, Topsy-looking thing.

"What's that on her cheek," he asked, pointing to a sort of scar or streak of paleness. Martha grinned.

"Somebody 's whacked her chops, most likely," said the slavetrader, coolly (in whose face I saw nothing good-natured after that). Nothing more was said about it.

The gentleman drew the child to him, felt the muscles of her arm, and questioned her a little. Her price was $700, that of the next $500, and little Sue's $450.

"Well, Martha," said he, at last, "wouldn't you like to go with me and have a pleasant home?"

Strange to say, the African smile left Martha's merry face too. "Please, sir," said she, "I wish I could stay with my mother."

"Confound the girls," said the good-natured purchaser, turning to me in despair, "they must be sold to somebody, you know. Of course, I can't buy the whole of them, and the mother too." Of course not; and there was the whole story in a nutshell.

"Nonsense, gals," said Thompson; "your mother 'll be up here, may be, some day." (Pleasant prospect in the lottery of life for three "articles" under twelve years!)

On inquiry, it appeared that the mother was in Virginia, and might or might not be sent to St. Louis for sale. The intention was, however, to sell the children in a day or two, together or separately, or else to send them South with Mr. Mattingly. (See advertisement.)

To avert this, I hoped earnestly that my good-natured friend would buy one or more of the poor things. "For," said he to me, "I mean to bring her up *well*. She'll be a pet for the children; black or white, it will make no difference; and while I live, I shan't sell her — that is, while it's possible to help it." (A formidable reservation, considering the condition of most Southern estates.)

The little pink frocks were ordered off, and a bargain was finally struck for Martha, quite to Mr. Thompson's chagrin, who evidently hoped to sell Sue, and would, no doubt, have done so but for her ignorance "how to treat gentlemen."

"Girl is sound, I suppose?" carelessly inquired the purchaser.

"Wind and limb," responded the trader. "*But strip her naked and examine every inch of her, if you wish*," he quickly added; "*I never have any disguises with my customers.*"

So ended the bargain, and I presently took my leave. I had one last glance at little Sue. It is not long since I set foot on the floating wreck of an unknown vessel at sea, and then left it drifting away into the darkness alone. But it was sadder to me to think of that little wreck of babyhood drifting off alone into the ocean of Southern crime and despair.

St. Louis must unquestionably be a very religious place, however, for, in returning to my hotel, I passed a church with inscriptions in four different languages. There was Jehovah in Hebrew. "Deo Uno et Trino." "In honorem S. hudovici." Finally, in English and French, "My house shall be called the house of prayer," *with the rest of the sentence, in both cases, omitted.* Singular accident, isn't it?

July 3, 1856.—I forgot to mention that I asked Mr. Thompson, out of the dozen children in his "yard," how many had their parents or mothers with them. "Not one," he answered, as if rather surprised at the question; "I take 'em as they come, in lots. Hardly ever have a family."

"I suppose you would *rather* keep a family together?" I put in, suggestively.

"Yes," he answered, carelessly. "Can't think much about *that*, though. Have to shut up shop pretty quick, if I did. Have to take e'm as they come."

This was evident enough, and I only insert it in the faint hope of enlightening the minds of those verdant innocents who still believe that the separation of families is a rare occurrence, when every New Orleans newspaper contains a dozen advertisements of "Assorted lots of young negroes."

Another delusion I must correct also. It is often asserted that slavetraders are generally regarded as a degraded class in a slaveholding community, that no gentleman will associate with them, &c. This, if true, would only add another to the absurd self-contradictions of a system which creates such a class of men, and then despises them. But I have no belief that the fact is generally correct. The two whom I saw yesterday morning, for instance (Messrs. Thompson and Mattingly), had entirely the bearing of men engaged in a respectable business; decidedly more so, for instance, than men engaged in the retail liquor trade usually have in New England. The purchaser, Mr. ——, was evidently a gentleman of good social standing, and of favourable appearance in every way. Yet he treated the slavetraders as any gentleman would treat any other with whom he had dealings, and with no reserve or superiority. Except in some allusions to the Underground Railroad, and precautions against it in the way of walls, dogs, &c., at Mr. ——'s house, there was not a word which might not have been spoken in any respectable intelligence office.

I have since visited the other establishment named above, Mr. Lynch's. Here, also, I was received courteously, and shown over the premises, which did not take long. Mr. L. was one of those persons whom one rather likes to see (in a bad business) — an acute, robust, uncompromising sinner; such a man as one often finds in the liquor traffic, with us. He believed that money was the god of this world, and he went for getting all one could get; he thought philanthropy was nousense, and no man helped slaves off without being well paid for it; he had observed that ministers of the Gospel liked to marry a rich plantation, as well as anybody else; he thought it was all humbug about separating husbands and wives in slavery: what if you did? In fact, marriage among white people was a good deal of a humbug, and men were as bad in it as out of it; therefore he himself was a bachelor. As for separating young families, traders very seldom did it (I thought of little Sue); if others did it, it wasn't their affair; but he didn't like to have to sell families, any way — it was inconvenient and unprofitable. And so on.

After all this, I, of course, liked him much better than if he had quoted Scripture in his cause, and was not surprised when he went on to claim that he wasn't able to act up to his theory, but kept trusting people who deceived him, and helping men who were ungrateful, and so on. Nor was I surprised to find his establishment in neater order than the previous one; or to hear him claim that all his negroes would like to keep him for their master. For, in spite of Rochefoucauld's maxim on hypocrisy, I always have found the Charles Surfaces better than the Josephs, either being bad enough.

Mr. Lynch's yard was much like the other, only with an iron gate instead of a wooden one, a wooden fence for an iron one, all-fours instead of euchre, and grown men instead of small girls. I noticed one pretty little quadroon girl, and a noble-looking black man playing the violin. I could not help wishing he might follow the destiny of a similar piece of property, who, as my host remarked, was "somewhere near Chicago now," having ran away.

He told me that there had been less doing, of late, on the U. G. R. R., owing to some exposures; but until within a year they lost a great many. He also said that the slave business in St. Louis was chiefly a local business with the inter

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN BOSTON.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

BOSTON, Friday, July 18, 1856.

WE had a stirring time here the day before yesterday. A bird of the air seemed to have carried the news that a slave was in custody at the Court House, and every one was on the *qui vive* to know all about it. The general facts your telegraphic despatch gave correctly enough. The particulars are these. The bark Growler was four days out from Mobile, for this port, when a slave was found stowed away in the hold. He was almost starved, having had nothing to eat since he hid himself there, and it required careful treatment on the part of the captain and crew to bring him round again. But when he was set on his legs he set himself to work with a will to earn his passage, and the captain bore witness to his zeal and capacity in this direction. On arriving, he asked leave to go ashore; but the captain, having a fearful looking-for of judgment should he ever return to Mobile, declined this reasonable request, and made some demonstrations towards confining him for the purpose of restoring him to the happiness he had so inconsiderately abandoned. Upon this, the headstrong chattel jumped overboard and struck out for the shore. It would have been hardly possible for him to reach it, as the current was very strong, so it was lucky that the boat the captain ordered out picked him up.

It so happens that there are usually some very sharp eyes looking round the harbour when any vessel is coming up from any of the infected ports, and this plunge and rescue did not escape their scrutiny. Forthwith notice was given in the proper quarter, a writ of habeas corpus sued out, and an officer, accompanied by friendly persons, proceeded to serve it. The Captain, Pillsbury, was not on board, having gone ashore, it was supposed, to advise with Marshal Freeman and Attorney Hallett as to this new danger to the Union. The mate (a coloured man, by the way) and the crew attempted no concealment or resistance, and the man was taken possession of without trouble. He himself was at first disposed to give them a warm reception, on the natural hypothesis that they were National patriots in pursuit of him. But a word of explanation made him know his friends. A crowd received him on the wharf, which grew as he proceeded towards the Court-House, and was entirely ready to relieve the officer of all responsibility in the premises, had they not been assured that he was safe enough in the hands of the law. It had been ascertained that Marshal Freeman or some of the slave-catching corps here had received a telegraphic despatch directing him to be ready to perform the highest duty a United States officer owes on earth, with the assurances that the necessary papers would be sent by post as speedily as possible. It was, therefore, an object to have the process as summary as well might be, and despatched with all convenient speed.

Judge Metcalf came in at three o'clock, and found the Court-room paved with human faces. Indeed, it was not unlike a tesselated pavement, there being at least as many black faces as white ones turned to him. Though there was no great probability, under the circumstances, that the United States bloodhounds would be able to flesh their fangs in this particular quarry, still it was desirable that they should not have a chance, and so there was some anxiety as to the course the Judge might pursue, as to requiring evidence which should cause delay. This, however, was soon put at rest. As soon as Mr. John A. Andrew had stated the case and read the return, and moved the discharge of the prisoner, the Judge simply said, without note or comment, "Let Johnson be discharged." This decree was received with a shout such as must have grated on the ears of any true lover of his country who justly apprehended the single object of the Constitution and the Union. Cheer followed cheer, and three rousing ones were given all together by time, in spite of the deprecatory gestures of the Judge. However, it is believed that he did not take any part of it as a disrespect toward himself, and that he thought Justice herself would be willing to pardon something to the spirit of Liberty. Johnson was taken care of, and was soon beyond the reach of any designs upon him.

No interference was attempted on the part of the United States authorities here. I am unable to account for this negligence in any satisfactory way. I cannot suppose for a moment that their patriotism is waxing cold. To be sure they had no legal right to interfere; but then these cases of public exigency override all legal technicalities. *Salus populi suprema lex.* They have shown themselves so superior to mere local or technical law, and have found such ready cooperation in their patriotic efforts from our Municipal authorities, as well as the embattled shopmen of the Sims Brigade, that we cannot suspect them of any unnecessary scruples of this sort. When their country is in danger. Is it possible that the fact of the Cincinnati Convention being over and done can have any effect in cooling their patriotic ardour? I am unwilling to believe it. One should regret even the nomination of Buchanan if it is to expose our glorious Union to the assaults of these treasonous negroes and their Northern abettors. If the election of Buchanan is to endanger the Union on this side, and if in the event of that of Fremont Mr. Fillmore is to head a stampede of the slaveholders out of it, we are lost indeed. Perhaps it was lucky for these our patriotic fellow-citizens that they did not make the attempt, for it evolved afterward that Johnson, in some mysterious way, had got possession of a very uncomfortable-looking bowie-knife, with which he proposed subtracting one or two from the gross number of our slavecatchers had they molested him. Like most gentlemen from the South, he was an uncompromising State Rights man, and was perfectly master of that branch of the conflict of laws which teaches that if a slave can only transform himself into a murderer he will remain in the custody of the State authorities instead of being delivered to his master. As Johnson had entirely the air of being a resolute fellow who had fully made up his mind never to go back to Mobile, it was probably a fortunate circumstance for the Union that none of its pillars came within reach of this black Samson. * * * * * * * BYLES.

DISCUSSION DECLINED.

From The Radical Abolitionist.

OFFICE OF AMERICAN ABOLITION SOCIETY,
48 Beekman street, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1856.

To the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society

GENTLEMEN: We address you on behalf of the Executive Committee of the *American Abolition Society*. Your Society and ours are labouring for the overthrow of American Slavery; but, if we rightfully understand your views, you do not agree with us in holding, as we do, the following positions, namely:

1. That slaveholding is *illegal*, in such a sense that the fundamental principles of civil law and jurisprudence require all courts of justice to treat it as illegal, in all their judicial decisions.

2. That slavery in the United States and Territories is *unconstitutional*.

3. That the Federal Government, in its several departments, has constitutional power to prohibit and suppress slaveholding in all the States and Territories; and that the people of the United States ought to exercise the right of suffrage in the election of a Federal Administration to this end.

4. That the people could probably be persuaded to vote for the abolition of Slavery as a means of preserving the Union, more readily than they could be persuaded to dissolve the Union on account of slavery, the Union being desirable in itself, and there being nothing except slavery to prevent its being perpetuated.

Now, gentlemen, in view of the practical importance of these points, it seems desirable that there should be a public discussion of them, that truth may be elicited by it, and that all Abolitionists and the public at large may be better enabled, in the light of it, to decide what ought to be done.

If we are mistaken in our views, we wish to be instructed and corrected, that we may pusue the better course. If our views are correct, we wish to have the evidence of their correctness exhibited, that they may be adopted and reduced to practice. In either case we wish to have the friends of the slave united in sentiment and action for securing, in the best and most expeditious manner, the abolition of slavery. Open, public discussion has ever been recognised, among Abolitionists, as the natural element and safe guide of social reforms.

To such a discussion we invite you. We propose, if agreeable to you, that it be held in the city of New York this Winter, by an equal number of speakers on each side, not exceeding four, to be selected by each Committee, conducted under the ordinary rules of order, and presided over by an impartial chairman, mutually appointed. If held in this city, we will pay the necessary travelling expenses of your speakers.

We will pay for a suitable hall, show-bills, advertising, &c. If any profits should (as we hope) accrue from a sale of tickets, at a price agreed upon, over and above such expenses, the profits shall be equally divided between the two Societies; but if there should be a deficit, we will bear the burden alone. Perhaps a mutual Committee should be appointed to attend to the direction of these particulars.

LEWIS TAPPAN, WM. GOODELL,
S. S. JOCELYN, JAMES MCCUNE SMITH.

REPLY.

BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1856.

To the Executive Committee of the American Abolition Society.

GENTLEMEN: We have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from you, dated January 16th, signed by Messrs. Lewis Tappan, William Goodell, S. S. Joycelyn, and J. McCune Smith, inviting us to a public discussion of certain points, of which the principal are the constitutionality and legality of slavery, and the constitutional power of the General Government to abolish slavery in the States.

This invitation we beg respectfully to decline, for the following reasons among others:

1. We deem the constitutionality and legality of slavery as generally understood, and the exclusive jurisdiction of the slave States over it within their limits, to be justly regarded by the whole nation as self-evident and axiomatic facts: as much so as the existence of slavery, or of the Constitution itself. We do not flatter ourselves that we can make them any more plain to minds which do not discern them. We do not feel called upon, therefore, at present, to expend any portion of our time on so fruitless an attempt, or to expose ourselves to the just ridicule with which both parties to such a discussion must be regarded by all well-informed and intelligent persons.

2. Even were the questions suggested such as we could consent to treat as open ones, we should still decline such a discussion as you invite. We believe in free discussion as the great instrument of reforms. It is the vital principle of our movement; and it strikes us as somewhat singular, that, while our platforms have ever been open to the fullest consideration of every legitimate question, *pro* and *con*, and while the constitutionality of slavery has been freely discussed at our meetings by members of your Society, such an invitation should be extended to us. Hence we consider a dialectic tournament, such as you propose, alike gratuitous and unprofitable. We should, therefore, on any subject, and under any circumstances, decline such a challenge as you have sent us.

3. And, thirdly, were these reasons not sufficient for us, we apprehend, from the antecedents of a majority of the Committee through which you have communicated with us, that, should we meet you in the way proposed, we might seem to recognise as genuine Abolitionists and honourable antagonists, men in no wise entitled to be so regarded, and who might thus acquire a power to injure the anti-slavery enterprise in quarters where their course and characters are little known, which they could obtain in no other manner.

There are other reasons which would lead us to the same decision; but these we conceive to be sufficient for the purpose of this correspondence.

In behalf, and by order of the Executive Committee of the *American Anti-Slavery Society*,

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Sec'y., pro tem.

N.B. The Secretary would add that the above reply was acted upon and adopted by the Committee on the 25th of January last; but that, owing to the absence from Boston of the gentleman who had in his possession the original draft, he has only been able to-day to make and forward this copy."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856.

Anniversary of West India Emancipation.

THE Anniversary of BRITISH WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION will be suitably commemorated (under the direction of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society) by a general meeting of the friends of Universal Freedom, in the beautiful Grove at ABINGTON, on FRIDAY, August 1st. It is highly important to the success of the Anti-Slavery movement in our own land that every such occasion should be improved in the most effectual manner; and it is earnestly hoped, especially in view of the cheap Railroad facilities which are offered, that a very large concourse will assemble at Abington, on this occasion, from Plymouth, Bristol, Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex and other Counties in the Commonwealth. Let every one make seasonable arrangements to be there, if possible.

A SPECIAL TRAIN of cars will leave the *Old Colony Railroad Depot* in Boston, at 9 o'clock, a. m., for the Abington Grove, and return at 6 1-4 o'clock. FARE: To go and return, *Fifty Cents* for adults; *Twenty-five Cents* for children.

From PLYMOUTH to the Grove; leave Plymouth at 9.20 a. m.; and return at 6.10. FARE: *Fifty Cents* for adults, *Twenty-five Cents* for children.

☞ The above trains will stop at Way Stations.

The Committee of Arrangements consists of FRANCIS JACKSON, W. L. GARRISON, EDMUND JACKSON, and SAMUEL MAY, Jr., of Boston; NATHANIEL B. SPOONER, of Plymouth; THOMAS J. HUNT, PHILANDER SHAW, MICAH H. POOL, ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE, LEWIS FORD, SAMUEL DYER, of Abington.

Among the speakers expected to be present are WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, EDMUND QUINCY, CHARLES L. REMOND, and others, to be more particularly named hereafter.

In case of unpleasant weather, the Town Hall (near to the Grove) will afford accommodation to the meeting.

☞ Refreshments will be for sale at the Grove, as usual.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE Abolitionists have one thing at least to thank God for, and that is, their sanguine temperaments. That complexion is as essential to the constitution of an Abolitionist as a sable one is to that of his clients. None of any other commingling of the blood and spirits can endure the heat and burden of the day they live and work in. The saturnine, the gloomy, the desponding, though they may walk with them for a while, after a time fall away and follow after them no more. Men generally must have sight whereby to walk. Faith is not enough for them. Yet those that walk by Faith rather are the true philosophers, the genuine moralists, the authentic theologians. They discern in their principles the finger of Omniscience. They know that they are the expression of the Divine Mind; and they are assured that whatever Omniscience has ordained Omnipotence will bring to pass in due time. Their duty is to be faithful in their testimony to these supreme truths—the equality of Man before God and the Right of every intelligent creature to be the governor of his own life, the judge with no appeal on earth of his own duties, the arbiter of his own destinies. To give the lie everywhere to this impudent assumption that one man may, under any circumstances, claim the absolute control of ownership over the body and the soul of another man.

The continual effort of Organized Nature is to eliminate whatever has been intruded upon her system and to restore it to a normal condition. Hence disease with all its varying symptoms is but the struggle of the sound principle with the foreign morbific agent which deranges the machine. So it is with the artificial machines which man contrives in imitation of the great examples the Universe affords him, whatever interferes with the operation of the natural laws which are the principle of their life, contradicts and nullifies them, and the great problem is to remove whatever comes between the law of nature and its specific application to each particular case. This is as true of those elaborate machineries, often unseen but felt everywhere, which men call governments; the struggle is ever to discover the true principle of action which should cause them to perform their true functions without the fatal accidents apparently inherent in them and to make them engines of good only. Hence all Revolutions and efforts after Reformation. There is something rotten in other states than Denmark, and the great question is everywhere how is the rottenness to be replaced by soundness. The working out of this problem is more obvious in this country than in most others because here there are fewer artificial obstacles thrown in the way of its solution—though there are too many, God knows!

Slavery is the one clog that makes all our machinery jar again and which turns all the music of its industrious hum to discord. It is human bodies that are thrown in among its wheels and cogs, which throw it out of working order, make it produce results the very opposite to what it was meant to bring about, which stains all its products with blood and drowns the natural harmony of the machine in the dying cries of despairing wretches. Now, the Abolitionists a quarter of a century ago set themselves the task of remedying this mischief. Or rather they discerned the paramount duty of doing it, as a service owing to God and man. Their plan has been a very simple one. It was merely to destroy the intruding element and thus to relieve the machine at once and forever from the disturbance it created. They showed from religion, from morals, from philosophy and from facts that this element was evil and only evil and that continually, and that it did no good to anybody and was an unmitigated curse to all parties concerned in it. This in the simplicity of their first enthusiasm they thought would be all that was necessary. The common sense and the self-interest, as well as the humanity and the piety of the nation would see at once that there was but one thing to be done, and that was to destroy it utterly from the face of the earth.

But the business, and the humanity, and the piety of the country soon told them another story. This element which they had deemed to be the disturbing one of the machine was its motive power by means of which all the wealth of the North as well as of the South was ground out, and what matter if a few thousand negroes were ground up in the process? It was not hostile to humanity, but the very quintessence of benevolence and goodness, protecting and guarding the weak and providing for the infant and the infirm. It was in no wise hostile to genuine piety; but, contrariwise, identical with it. It was part and parcel of the Christian Church, and it was heresy and blasphemy to strive to put asunder what God himself had joined together. Under all these discouragements men capable of being disheartened would probably have given over their design. But these impracticable ones were only the more fixed and resolute in theirs. They mocked the Exchange, they scoffed at the cruelty in the disguise of benevolence, and excommunicated the Church that baptized into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit the monster which was the incarnation of every crime and of all wickedness. They have persisted in this course until they have compelled the unwilling ears of the people to listen to them. The disturbing nature of slavery has been made patent to them all, all who had eyes to see, and that by its own excesses. And at last, after so many years, a numerous party, with a possibility of success, is entering in to possess the kingdom the Abolitionists have been preparing for them.

Not that this party takes the name of its pioneers. No more than the pioneers accept of their name. It is but a very qualified service, unbiased by selfishness and ambition, that these men propose to perform. They have been aroused to a partial sense of their own wrongs and to a partial spirit of resistance to their oppressors. The deliverance of the slave makes no part of their creed. It is only by inference and remote indirection that their action can affect his condition at all. It is for their own protection, for the safety of white freemen that they are banded together against the slaveholders. The slave is to be left to the mercy of his tyrant wherever he may be found South of a particular degree of latitude. The master is still to have his right of hunting his slave over the Free States. And he is to have his privilege in Congress by virtue of the souls of men he trades in, and is to be protected by the whole physical force of the nation against any attempt of the slave to rescue himself from his degradation.

It would look as if the Abolitionists would need all their constitutional cheerfulness and hopefulness to rejoice in such a party as this. And yet they do. They know, as the slaveholders do, that when men begin to hate slavery on their own account, they will not stop till they have learned to hate it for that of the slaves. As Fisher Ames once said, "There's no such thing as blowing a barrel of gunpowder half way down!" The electric touch cannot be entirely robbed of its force by any interposition of platforms or any cautious destructions of resolutions. We doubt whether the North has yet spirit enough revived from the paralytic lethargy into which she had been cast by slavery for so many years to throw off even the shadow of the body of that sin which touches her. It takes a long time for a constitution so depraved and debauched as her's to recover *stamina* enough even for so partial a recovery as that. And we are not sure that it would be of any hope to the Slave that the Republican party should prevail. We think that, as long as the Union is to be maintained as the Chief Good, and the sacrifices we have seen offered up to it for the past few years are still to smoke on its altars, it is of no particular consequence whether the High Priest be named Fremont or Buchanan. Our hope lies in the Anti-Slavery Spirit which must give this movement whatever success it can have or hope for, and which we do not believe will die of defeat! We think it is in much greater danger of dying of success. So, while we refuse to join the Republican party, and while we have but small hope from it, directly, if it succeed, we see in the emotions from which it springs and in the passions which must needs be aroused in its progress, signs of returning health and symptoms of a possible recovery. It is not the End. We fear it is very far from it. But it is the Beginning of the End, and as such it is regarded with the instinct of tyrants by the common enemy of us all.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF NEW ENGLAND.

[No. II.]

WE gave last week some details of the position of the Association of Orthodox Congregational ministers of Massachusetts in relation to slavery, and our idea of one of the principal causes of their inaction upon that momentous subject. On careful examination of the proceedings of the corresponding ecclesiastical bodies in the other New England States, namely,

The General Conference of Maine,

The General Convention of Congregational Ministers and Churches in Vermont,

The General Association of Connecticut, and

The Evangelical Consociation of the Congregational Churches of Rhode Island (we "like to give the whole name"),

we find the same tender and cautious handling—or rather fingering—of that subject, and abundant corroboration of our theory respecting the causes of their adoption of that mode of treatment.

Every one has heard of "masterly inactivity" and "a terrible letting alone," as sometimes judicious modes of operation. But a large professional experience of the weakness and credulity of mankind has enabled our clerical brethren to improve upon those ideas, and, by diffusing the doing of nothing through several days' sessions, and a complicated involution of Reports, Resolutions, Amendments, Reconsiderations, Postponements, speeches on the present advantage of doing nothing in one way, and replies extolling the prospective benefit of doing it in another way—to *seem* to be doing *something*, yea, a great deal of something, and to give to this seeming such an aspect of veritableness and solidity as still to retain their position and credit as *leaders* of the people.

Having established our charges against the Massachusetts Association by ample quotation from their proceedings in last week's STANDARD, it is unnecessary for us to detail the solemn processions around Robin Hood's barn made by the other reverend bodies named at the head of this article. The substance—but this is an inappropriate word—the purport of them all is the same. Slavery, the compulsory chattelhood of nearly four millions of immortal beings, in their affiliated combination of States and Churches, is a matter with which they do not feel called upon to meddle; but certain abuses connected with slavery, and especially the probability that that system will soon be legalized in Kansas, are now so largely attracting the attention of the community that they think it necessary to volunteer their counsel on the subject; and that counsel is—*to pray, and wait.*

Of course long debates, and the expression of various opinions, precede this comfortable union, which is to lay the subject to sleep for another year. A few sentiments are uttered which seem quite radical in comparison with the low level upon which the body ultimately subside, but these are soon quieted by the weight as well as the number of dissenting voices which they call out. Thus when Mr. Allen, in the Connecticut Association, proposed to amend some document by the addition of a paragraph including among the occasions for prayer the malign influence of the Slave Power on the Churches in the Southern States, this was *withdrawn by general request.*

In the bodies now under review, as well as in the Massachusetts Association; it was strikingly manifest that pro-slavery and prayer went together. We read of some in the time of Jesus of Nazareth who, while devouring widows' houses, for a pretence made long prayers, and who actually succeeded in persuading the people around them that the regularity, and devoutness, and emphasis of these prayers were more valid evidences of a good character than the acts of oppression committed in their ordinary business were of an evil one; and who thus retained the credit of being pious and holy men in spite of the meanness and cruelty openly manifested in their lives. Jesus reversed this order of judgment. He evidently gave no weight at all to public prayers as evidences of a right internal state. He plainly declared that a tree was to be judged, not by its appearance, but by its fruit; and character, not by profession, but by life. But he also plainly testified that when high professions and a devout and sanctimonious aspect *coëxisted* with a cruel and oppressive life, they established the added guilt of hypocrisy, and authorized the ranking of such persons below drunkards, publicans and harlots, in the moral scale.

We often wonder at the blindness of the generation among whom Jesus lived, and especially at that of his professed disciples; but there is no stronger proof of the immense strides of that glorious reformer in advance of the rest of mankind than the fact that the class of men who now, eighteen hundred years after him, assume to be teachers of his religious system, yet fail to understand one of the plainest and strongest of his testimonies—nay more, that they oppose the whole force of their precept and example to the truth which he plainly sought to establish, namely, that external devotedness is neither proof nor presumption of internal rectitude; and that, so far from availing as counterbalancing evidence against inhumanity or vice, its addition stamps them with yet deeper ignominy. Thus, when slaveholding ministers come as delegates to Northern ecclesiastical bodies, and meet the feeble protest made by a minority against their evil lives by an appeal to their fluency in the prayer-meeting, and to the abundance of such prayers in their churches at home, even this minority instantly succumb, give the amplest authentication to their claim of Christian character, and testify them to be brethren *in Christ* (what a profanation of that name!) and holy men, whom they expect to meet in heaven. Thus the example of Jesus is set at nought, his teaching reversed by those who profess the most thorough allegiance to him, and his venerable name used to rivet those bonds which he tells us he came to break.

Explicit testimony was given in each of the bodies we are now reviewing, by men who objected to slaveholding, that, however exceptionable on other grounds, it was not inconsistent with the Christian character; and one of this class in the "Evangelical Consociation of the Congregational Churches of Rhode Island," Rev. Miron Winslow, had associated with him, by particular invitation, in the celebration of the Lord's supper, two of the most pertinacious defenders of slavery from the Bible, Rev. Dr. Rice of the Old and Rev. Mr. Poor of the New School General Assembly.

The proceedings of these ecclesiastical bodies, respecting slavery, of which we have thus briefly given the purport, are every year spread, in detail, over many pages of (so called) "religious" newspapers, and are read in the families of those who assume themselves to be the religious portion of the community; and these newspapers, generally edited by clergymen, extol the timidity and unfaithfulness thus manifested, as dictated alike by prudence, piety and charity. How pernicious must be the influence thus exerted! Most men find it difficult to withstand the pro-slavery influences arising from business, politics and social life; or rather, they make no attempt to separate themselves from the general current of acquiescence in slavery, which is favoured by all these forces; but when they find the serious counsel and official action of their religious teachers taking the same direction, when they find that any activity, thoroughness and effectiveness in their opposition to slavery would bring them in conflict also with their minister, their Church, and their "religious" not less than their "political" newspaper, what wonder that they succumb to these influences? They do not pretend to be wiser or better than their minister; and they leave their thinking on religious matters so entirely in his hands as to take it for granted that when he discourages all action against slavery in his own church, and counsels his Association to do nothing but "pray" against it, and, when speaking as a delegate in some foreign body, reports of his State as Rev. Samuel Day (in the Rhode Island Consociation) did of Vermont, that while there was there "a gratifying state of religious things, the membership of the Churches having been increased nine per cent. during the year, *the Churches and ministers of Vermont were willing that slavery should exist where it is, and believed there were Christians there*, though they were unwilling that slavery should be extended to territory now free"—it is taken for granted, we say, by these unreflecting people, that it is the Church *of Christ* which thus acquiesces in slavery.

Do nothing but pray against slavery, or the extension of slavery! Is there any irreverence in our use of this expression—any implication against the propriety or the benefit of real prayer—anything that smacks of "infidelity"? Let us see.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." There is no doubt whatever that the orthodox Congregational ministers of New England (of whom we have been complaining that they "do nothing but pray" for the slaves) sincerly desire the conversion of the heathen. What do they do for the accomplishment of this desire?

They begin by praying. They pray that the Lord would accomplish this great work in his own good time; they not only make this supplication with great earnestness and frequent repetitions in their churches on Sunday, and their family devotions, and their social prayer-meetings, but they establish a great *concert of prayer*, in which, once a month, all the churches shall *simultaneously* beseech the Lord to convert the heathen. Do they make no further effort? Do they consider that, having prayed thus fervently, their whole work is accomplished, and that they may now sit still and see *the Lord* do what they have requested?

By no means! They call upon their people to "come to the help of the Lord" in this matter, vividly and minutely describing to them the ignorance, and error, and vice which prevail among the heathen, and which are perpetuated by their false religions, and urging them to prompt and efficient *action*. They remind them that the day of miracles is past, that God works by means, that the heathen cannot hear the Gospel without a preacher, and that no one will preach to them except he be sent. Seeing that the greatness of this work demands a special organization, and many labours wholly devoted to it, they form a great Association, with secretaries to manage an extensive correspondence, agents to arouse the sympathies of the people, tracts, magazines and newspapers to widen and fortify the impression thus made, treasurers to receive and distribute the ample funds necessary, and missionaries to accomplish the work thus provided for; and that this elaborate system of human means may not fail, they call upon their people, poor as well as rich, to make liberal appropriations of money, monthly and yearly, for this purpose, and urge them to subscribe for the newspapers and magazines which are established to stimulate their activity in this work.

Now, let us suppose some clerical brother to take, in relation to heathenism, the very position that hundreds of them take in relation to slavery, and seriously set himself to the work of persuading the Churches that since infallible prophecy has declared that the knowledge of the Lord *shall* cover the whole earth, since the Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save, since He will certainly accomplish this work in His own good time, and since there is danger in leaning on an arm of flesh, whereas prayer "moves the arm that moves the world," they should henceforth *pray and wait*, instead of praying and working; dismiss the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, give up the *Missionary Herald*, and kindred periodicals, discharge the secretaries, treasurers, agents and missionaries, discontinue the monthly and yearly collections, and show their piety and faith by crying, louder and more frequently than ever, "It is time for *Thee*, Lord to work," but do nothing else! How would they take it?

It is easy to imagine with what inflammation of holy zeal Dr. Worcester, of Salem, would rise to oppose such a proposition, and how convincingly he would show that faith without works is dead. We need not describe it.

Or suppose a well-meaning but timid brother should urge upon the Churches that all they can profitably do is to oppose the *extension* of heathenism; and that to obtain increased facilities for doing *that*, they had better concede that the various false religions may remain undisturbed where they are now established, under the laws of their respective countries! How powerfully would Henry Ward Beecher, and even the Rev. Samuel Day, of Vermont, prove that they had no right to acquiesce in the continuance of error and sin, that the axe should be laid at *the root* of the tree, and that a compromise with Antichrist would inevitably weaken, instead of strengthening them.

Or suppose another brother to maintain that since the missionary field had been preoccupied by Jesuits and other Catholics, whose violence, or superstition, or fanaticism in the work had disgusted all reasonable men, and increased the difficulty of applying the true Gospel in the proper manner, they should wait, and use no active measures (except prayer) until those pernicious errorists had withdrawn, and the prejudice aroused by them had died away. How forcibly would the editors of the *Puritan Recorder* show that the expectation of benefit from such postponement is a delusion and a snare, and that obstacles should stimulate rather than discourage the supporters of a good cause.

The truth is, the clergy of New England know, as well as other men in the world, the fitness of combining active work with fervent prayer, and they use both in matters which they really desire to accomplish. When they conceived the idea of overthrowing all false religions throughout the world, and building Christianity on their ruins, they prayed *and worked*, establishing a most efficient system of organized labour. If they had applied similar efforts at the same time to the overthrow of slavery, not a vestige of it would now be left in this country. They did not think of it; did not think of an enormous American sin, existing in their own ecclesiastical connection, while they were zealously working in opposition to Asiatic and African sins. This was a suspicious circumstance. When, years after, Mr. Garrison thought of it, reminded them of it, and begged them to do *something* against it, they declined, being occupied, like their leader, Dr. Lyman Beecher, with "matters of more consequence." This again was suspicious. When the Abolitionists, by prayer in connection with organized labour (using a monthly concert, tracts, newspapers, lectures and the collection of funds, in precisely the same manner as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions), had begun to produce an impression upon the people, the clergy opposed *them*, but still did nothing in opposition to slavery. This was still more suspicious. When the slaveholders, as is the wont of impenitent sinners when rebuked, gnashed their teeth against the Abolitionists, treating them with calumnious accusations, cruel mockings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment, the clergy joined in these reproaches, declaring that such violent denunciations would naturally produce such a result, but using no better method, no method at all, of their own, and even alleging this injudicious working as the reason why *they* would not work at all against slavery, which, in men who had not been deterred from missionary labour by the preoccupancy of that field by the Catholics, was yet further suspicious. When, a few church-members and theological students having been so far aroused by the Abolitionists as to propose church action against slavery, Professor Stuart advised them not even to pray against it publicly, and a great majority of the clergy followed his counsel, this was more suspicious still. And when now a combination of exciting political events with the change gradually wrought upon the public mind by the influence of Abolitionists, and the new literature which they have originated, is urging Northern men to some sort of *action* in relation to slavery, the clergy yield a little, and say, If you must do something, pray, but don't work; *pray and wait*—this is the most suspicious circumstance of all, and inevitably suggests a doubt of the sincerity of those who, under such circumstances, give such counsels.

PRIESTLY KNAVERY.

IT is commonly supposed that unscrupulous politicians will descend lower than any other class of people in the scale of dishonesty and meanness; but the idea is a mistaken one. Politicians can indeed get down very low, but it takes a knot of pro-slavery priests to touch the "lowest deep" of fraudulent artifice and trickish knavery. We have an example before us, which we will present in the fewest possible words.

The Methodist Church has weekly newspapers at various prominent points, such as New York, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Auburn and Chicago. Each of these papers is supported mainly by the Annual Conferences in its immediate vicinity, of whose affairs it is the local organ. The editors of these papers are appointed by the *General* Conference; but usage has permitted the delegates from the *Annual* Conferences supporting a particular paper to designate the person to be chosen as editor of such paper. Among these Methodist papers is *The Northern Christian Advocate*, the editor of which, during the eight years preceding the late General Conference, was Rev Wm. Hosmer. Mr. Hosmer took a very prominent part in the effort to change the Discipline of the Church so as to prevent in future the reception of slaveholders to membership. He is a man of decided ability, and his strong anti-slavery sentiments, which he has not hesitated to utter freely in the paper under his control, gave great offence to the pro-slavery party, and especially to the cotton managers of the Book Room in this city, who determined to oust him. If they had beat him in a square and open battle there would have been less reason to complain; but they achieved their purpose by a piece of legerdemain which would better befit a company of gamblers than a body of Christian ministers. Mr. Hosmer was renominated by nearly if not quite the unanimous voice of the Conferences supporting the paper, and his friends supposed that, in accordance with usage, the General Conference would ratify their choice; but lo! when the votes were counted, it appeared that the pro-slavery party had, by an underhand movement, elected a doughface by the name of Hibbard! Mr. Hosmer and his friends stood amazed at this scandalous exhibition of bad faith. But the meanness of the affair did not end here. The new editor, with his credentials in his pocket, hastened on to Auburn, travelling with all possible speed, in order to get possession of the editorial chair in time to prevent his predecessor from publishing the usual valedictory and exposing the trick by which he had been superseded. In this Mr. Hibbard was successful, and Mr. Hosmer was compelled to send out his valedictory through other channels. The affair has caused an intense excitement among the Methodists, and it is said that a new paper, to be called *The Central New York Independent*, is about to be started at Auburn, to be edited by Mr. Hosmer.

How Mr. Hosmer and those who sympathize with him can remain in a Church which not only tramples upon the rights of the slaves and allies itself with their oppressors, but resorts to deception and fraud in effecting its objects, is to us utterly incomprehensible. Why do they not secede?

BURLINGAME AND BROOKS.—Hon. Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, has got into an "affair of honour" with the assassin Brooks. The latter, taking offence at the remarks of the former upon the Sumner assault, sent a friend to ask him if he would accept a challenge. The result was an explanation on the part of Mr. Burlingame, in which he disclaimed any intention to reflect upon the personal character of Mr. Brooks, and said that he discriminated "between the *man* and the *act*," condemning only the latter. With this Brooks professed to be satisfied, and Burlingame, on meeting him afterwards, "respectfully" accepted his proffered but bloody hand! Mr. Burlingame, finding himself charged with cowardice in certain quarters, published a card, on Monday, in which he withdrew his explanation, on the ground that it had been perverted and misunderstood, and said, explicitly, "I leave my speech to interpret itself, and hold myself responsible for it, without qualification or amendment." The following correspondence ensued:

Brooks to Burlingame.

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1856.

SIR: Will you do me the kindness to indicate some place, outside of this district, where it will be convenient to you to negotiate in reference to to the difference between us.

Very respectfully, &c., P. S. BROOKS.

Hon. A. Burlingame.

Burlingame to Brooks.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1856.

SIR: Your note of this date was placed in my hands by Gen. Lane this afternoon. In reply, I have to say that I will be at the Clifton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock, M., to "negotiate" in reference to any "difference between us" which, in your judgment, may require settlement "outside of this District." I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,
A. BURLINGAME.

Hon. P. S. Brooks.

Mr Brooks, in reply to this, has come out in a card, in which he says:

"He requires me to meet him in Canada, a distance of near seven hundred miles by the mail route—a route running through the enemy's country, and through which no man knows better than Mr. Burlingame that I could not pass without running the gauntlet of mobs and assassins, prisons and penitentiaries, bailiffs and constables. He knew that I could never get to Canada, and that were I to do so, and he were to fall, that I never would get back. He might as well have designated Boston Common. His proposition is of so preposterous a character, that the public will appreciate it without comment from me. When he repudiated the memorandum which was prepared by his friend, and delivered in his own presence, I felt some sympathy for the agony of a proud man driven to doing wrong, that he might retrieve the honour of a State which had been tarnished by unworthy representatives. But his last condition is worse than the former, and I deliver him to that condemnation which honourable men in every community will sternly inflict. I have no further demands upon him, but should he be screwed up to the point of making demands upon me, I will yet treat him as a gentleman, and meet him at any convenient and accessible point upon equal terms."

Gen. Joseph Lane, the second of Brooks, advised him to this course. Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, was the second of Mr. Burlingame. Brooks was arraigned on Tuesday upon an affidavit, made by F. C. Treadwell of New York, that he intended to violate the anti-duelling law, and held to bail in $5,000. Burlingame could not be found, and it was supposed that he had started for Canada.

What turn the affair will take next, no one knows, but it is possible that Mr. Burlingame will now become the challenging party. His conduct is, to say the least, most unfortunate and ill-advised. The course of Senator Wilson was much more honourable and manly. He refused, it will be remembered, to make any apologies, declared that he would not recognise the duelling code, and avowed his intention to defend himself if assailed. Mr. Burlingame has added nothing to his reputation for courage among the slaveholders, while he has inflicted a stain upon his reputation at the North which the devotion of a life can hardly wipe out.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER *from an English Minister to a friend in this country, dated June* 17, 1856.

"The late proceedings in America have been watched with intense eagerness by all parties here. The threatened danger of war has turned all eyes upon your country, and it is universally acknowledged that there can be no danger of a war with England, when you yourselves are, so to speak, upon the verge of a civil war yourselves. When will men be wise enough to see that justice is alone the foundation for true and lasting peace: that we shall be in continual danger of outrage till we do unto others as we would be done by?

"Sumner's speech is a masterpiece of eloquence and reasoning. Of course, in so long an oration, there must be passages which are not so eloquent as others, but, take it all in all, I think it not surpassed by the Oration against Verres, which Mr. Sumner so nobly describes, nor even by the efforts of Demosthenes. As long as noble thoughts and acute reasoning, clothed in words of fitting power and beauty, will be admired of men, so long will that speech be treasured as one of the most valuable treasures of the human intellect.

POLITICS.

OWEN LOVEJOY, brother of the martyr of Alton, is the Republican candidate for Congress in the Third District of Illinois.

——It is stated in Washington letters that Buchanan's prospects at the South are not as favourable now as they were some weeks ago. In many places his nomination excites no enthusiasm. Many intelligent politicians believe that Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Louisiana will go for Fillmore after all.

——In Missouri the Democratic party is hopelessly divided—one faction supporting Atchison and the other going for Benton. Though agreed in supporting Buchanan, the feud is so bitter that they will run two electoral tickets, which, in all probability, will have the effect of securing the vote of the State for Fillmore—a result in view of which "Old Bullion" would not, probably, shed a single tear.

——Many Southern journals denounce Fremont as a traitor, who, born in a slave State and bound for that reason to support slavery, has treacherously sold himself to the Abolitionists. The *South Carolinian* says: "He stands before the world as an avowed matricide—as the representative of principles and passions foreign to our nature, and destructive of all the best feelings of man instilled in him in his childhood and early youth, and he is eagerly sought for by his new adherents, because he is a traitor! Like Judas, he has been seduced, and sold himself for a price."

——The members of the various

and that hundreds of men, who would, had Douglas been nominated, have gone into the campaign in person and with money, are now holding back and passing the season away from home at the watering-places."

POLITICAL SHARP-SHOOTING.

THEODORE TILTON, one of the editors of *The Independent*, in a recent speech, alluding to the reports that Fremont is a Catholic, said: "Some people assert that our Presidential candidate attends mass; it is a mistake, however —*the mass attend him.*"

——A Michigan paper tells the following story, and asserts that it is a literal fact:

"At the celebration in Battle Creek on the Fourth, while the Declaration of Independence was being read, a Democrat sat in the crowd under the impression that he was listening to the oration. When the reader came to that passage which charges George III., among other things, with having sanctioned 'acts of pretended legislation,' our Buchanan friend, not doubting that allusion was made to Frank Pierce and the Border Ruffian laws of Kansas, jumped up with the exclamation, *'Just as I expected —an abolition harangue,'* and left the ground, swearing like a trooper."

——The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* tells the following story, on the authority of "a gentleman of high character," who received it from Mr. Poinsett, of S. C., some years ago:

"A party of gentleman were dining together in Washington, among whom were Mr. Clay and Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan had just been appointed Minister to Russia, and was making some inquiries of Mr. Clay about court dress, its character, cost, &c. Mr. Clay told him he had one, for which he had no use, and would give it to him. Mr. B. thanked him, but said, as he had worn it, it must be tarnished. Mr. Clay replied, in that manner which was peculiar to him, 'Oh, but you can *turn* it, Buchanan.' The discomfiture of Buchanan was complete, as the conversation took place just after Mr. B. had turned his political coat in a most unblushing manner."

——WM. M. EVARTS, of New York, in a speech made in Faneuil Hall, on the 18th inst., said:

"The whole South was united, and united for slavery. The adulation to Brooks showed this. Everywhere from the South had congratulations come up to that man; canes had been presented him; resolutions had praised his act; and here he would say that he had read that even the ladies had caressed him for his mighty prowess. He had heard that the young Carolinian had been met in the lobby, after he threw up his seat before an indignant and outraged House, by a fair bevy of ladies, who threw themselves upon him, smothering him with kisses. And, thinking of this, the lines of Coleridge, in speaking in odorous terms of the city of Cologne, were vividly brought to his mind. Speaking of that city, the poet has said:

'The River Rhine, as is well known,
Washes the city of Cologne.
But oh! ye Gods! what power divine
Shall ever wash the River Rhine.'

And the speaker could not but think that the ladies might have had a perfect right to kiss Preston Brooks, but who, in heaven's name, after they had done that, would kiss the ladies? (Great and continued laughter and cheering.)"

——The New York *Times* tells the following story, the incidents of which occurred at Easton, Pa.:

"Two old associates, who had, in former years, worked shoulder to shoulder in the phalanx of 'the unterrified,' chancing to meet, and feeling a natural curiosity, in these changeful days, as to each other's present political whereabout, a brief colloquy ensued:

"'Well, Judge,' says the first interlocutor, 'where do you stand? You go in for Buchanan, I suppose?'

"'Sir,' responds the other, 'there is no man I have thought more of than Jim Buchanan. I should like to go for Jim Buchanan, and *would* go for Jim Buchanan, if he was running; but as he isn't a candidate, I must go for some one else.'

"'Not running! not a candidate! Why, Judge, I am a little dull; I shall have to ask for an explanation.'

"'It's plain enough. I said Jim Buchanan was not running, and I have his word for it, sir. Jim Buchanan has extinguished himself; changed, merged, transmogrified himself *into a Platform.* Don't he say so himself, in his acceptance of the Cincinnati nomination? I tell you it is not Jim Buchanan, sir, *but the Cincinnati Platform, that is running;* and as I don't like the Platform, and have a fancy for voting for *a man*, I shall go for Fremont, sir.'"

——In Mr. Buchanan's letter of acceptance there is one paragraph devoted to piety, upon which the *Evening Post* makes the following comment:

"There is an old story—a Joe Miller, we believe—of a grocer who held this colloquy with his apprentice: 'John, have you watered the milk?' 'Yes.' 'And the plug tobacco?' 'Yes.' 'And put the Indian meal into the ginger?' 'Yes.' 'And sanded the sugar?' 'Yes.' 'Then come to prayers.' In like manner, having concocted, with Soulé, Saunders and Sickles, the plan set forth in the Ostend Manifesto, for wresting Cuba from Spain, a scheme of robbery on a large scale, the seizure of a rich island, yielding a liberal revenue to the Spanish treasury, and offering a place of refuge from poverty to the distressed and enterprising among the Spanish population, the devout Mr. Buchanan turns up the whites of his eyes and bids his confederates come to prayers. To prayers they go; the pious Soulé, the virtuous Saunders, the exemplary Sickles, with the devout Forney bringing up the rear. We only fear that there is a little too much sniggering among this group of saints when they get upon their knees.

"Now, it is not Mr. Buchanan's piety that we object to; we wish he had more of it; but our difficulty consists in this, that we have our doubts whether praying and stealing go well together. If Mr. Buchanan insists upon 'wresting Cuba from Spain,' because, to use his own words, he imagines that our 'interests' would be promoted by it, ought he to commit the robbery with a prayer on his lips? Is not the prayer made on such an occasion a sort of blasphemous mockery? Is it decorous to carry on the two processes at the same moment; and if we persist in stealing, ought we not to leave off praying, at least until we have fairly taken our hands out of our neighbour's pocket? We suggest these questions for Mr. Buchanan's serious consideration, if he ever considers such matters seriously."

PATMOS, L. I., June 20, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I think that Charles F. Hovey might have spared the readers of *The Liberator* and STANDARD his remarks on his conversion to Anti-Slavery, withholding his vote, &c. My anti-slavery sentiments date back thirty years, and even at the age of 17, say fifty years ago, I was instrumental in liberating a female slave, then the property of my grandfather (if such may be called property). Yet, while I live under the Constitution of the United States, I am actually a participator in the sin of slavery and the guilty compromise our fathers made with despotism; and to partake of any of its fruits makes us doubly guilty! Yet I think there is something due to expediency; Paul made use of it in his teaching and practice; shall we declare ourselves more holy than he? It is no doubt, in my mind, the paramount duty of all anti-slavery persons to act and to vote, and of two evils to choose the least; there can be no side issue but expatriation, that looks to me as consistent. When the storm threatens too hard, and when the roll-call of victimized Africans is heard from the Bunker Hill Monument, all will be lost. Shall we sit with folded arms entirely passive, while the enemy is alert and unprincipled? It is no doubt that God designs the down-fall of oppression. Yet man is the media to effect it. Such is the language of history, and such the evidences of His revealed will to Washington and Tell. Yours, B. B. W.

P. S. The teachings of Christ can only be carried out in a Millenial state, and shall we so far lose sight of the influence of Justice and Truth as to let a lawless band of Tyrants and Oppressors destroy the fabric our fathers spent eight long years in toil and bloodshed to establish, and ourselves fall victims to their crusade of extermination and death; or, shall we buckle on the whole armour of vote and defence, and, if necessary, carry the war into Africa; and where the Constitution is defective amend it; and make our land not only the boast of freedom, but so in reality? Then, and not till then, will the sentiments of Foster & Co. be worthy of a hearing. I believe God demands no more holocausts but those who may fall in the establishment of universal Freedom?

IS IT TRUE?—Mr. Barclay, late British Consul at this port, was dismissed by the American Government for his alleged connection with the efforts to enlist soldiers in this country for the war with Russia. The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* explains why it was that some Southern gentlemen made such strenuous efforts to dissuade the President from annulling his exequatur. He says:

"In regard to Mr. Barclay, the late British Consul at New York, an amusing and significant circumstance has come to light, showing the peculiar expedients resorted to in order to procure his retention. He has been for many years a resident of this country, and had become, probably by marriage, a Georgia planter—a fact which was strongly urged by his friends upon the Administration, as a reason for excepting him from the penalty awarded to his fellow-consuls. By whom the letters laid before the Administration, stating this mitigating fact, were written, I will not say. But possibly this circumstances may furnish a clue to the strenuous opposition of Senator Toombs to the policy of dismissing the officials of Great Britain. A fellow-feeling makes us woodrous kind. At any rate, slaveholding is rather a strange plea for a representative of the most abolition Government in the world. And what an opinion must be entertained of a Government which it was hoped to influence thereby!"

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 635, opens with the *London Quarterly's* review of "Beaumarchais and his Times." It contains also Part VI. of "The Fortunes of Glencore," and a variety of interesting articles besides. No. 636 contains a choice collection of articles, from *Household Words, Blackwood, Athenæum, Spectator*, &c. New York, Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DRUMNIGH COTTAGE, near Dublin, July 3, 1856.

MESSRS EDITORS: I don't know how it may fare with you at this present writing in your hot metropolis—but I would have you to know that for some weeks past I generally retire from the town in the evening to a retreat in the real country, seven miles north of Dublin, as unlike as possible to any of that vast assembly of gentlemen's houses and suburban villas that cover the whole country to the south side of our beautiful city, for miles upon miles bejetted far and wide, towards Kingstown, Dalkey and Bray. I have found an old farm-house, built at different dates, in various styles, higgledy piggledy, with out-houses, stables and cow-houses to no end, paddocks covered with grass, and a huge old garden filled with fruit trees and redolent with flowers, and covered with weeds. Over-arching trees like the aisle of a Cathedral lead up to the door—trees surround the house and garden, and we have a charming prospect of potatoes, plums and gooseberries—we have no vine, but if I had a stool I might literally sit under my own fig-tree, for I found one in a corner of the scrambling, old-fashioned garden, and there are figs upon it too. Corn-fields and potatoe-fields surround the house, the Hill of Howth is seen through the trees, and, in short, we have such a real country all round us and such an orchestra of blackbirds, larks, thrushes and linnets as make the place as unlike as possible to the scald, prim, starched retreats to which small citizens like myself generally resort in Summer for a breath of fresh air, that the sense of enjoyment is delightful. This is a matter of small public interest—but when I write to you I generally put down what comes first, and it is pleasant to sympathizing people to know something of the actual circumstances of one's correspondent.

I was cheered by the assurance of our Boston friend, D. Y., in the last letter I saw from him in your columns, that the feeling respecting the Sumner outrage is not evaporating—but that it is really likely to come to some result in return. If the state of things in Kansas and this grave insult to the whole North in general, and to Massachusetts in particular, were to end in mere talk, I would despair of the United States. It would indicate a paralysis of public speech and a brutish acquiescence in insult—a readiness to put up with anything for the sake of ease and a mess of pottage, that would make one ashamed that he had ever hoped anything good or great from such a people. Surely this Union is no Union—as far as the free States are concerned—if the complicity of the President in the murders and rapine enacted in Kansas be tamely submitted to, without some active exhibition of Northern indignation against the the scoundrel who has so grossly betrayed the duties of his high position. When the perjured tyrant who rules in France murdered and foreswore himelf, he played for empire—and Franklin Pierce has acted in a similar way in the hope of adding another four years to his tenure of power.

Your report of the meeting held to welcome Parker Pillsbury home was read by me with great interest. I am sorry to say that the account he gave you of the state of genuine anti-slavery feeling in these countries is but too true. There is very little of it, and the ignorance and indifference that prevail amongst the majority of all classes is by no means consistent with our anti-slavery reputation. Indeed, it has long been my opinion that as human nature is the same in all countries, the state of feeling in the British islands would be pretty much the same as that in the United States if our circumstances were the same. I cannot help attributing much of the apathy amongst us to the shortcomings of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. If their zeal in the anti-slavery cause had been commensurate with their antecedents, their wealth, their opportunities of influence—if they had been moved more by a spirit of brotherly catholic sympathy with your efforts and less by sectarian animosity and a paltry intolerance—I am confident they would have secured a far wider field of influence with the public, and would have obtained for the anti-slavery cause in America and for the Abolitionists an amount of public recognition which they have not yet attained. When you compare the small number of those who aid you on this side the Atlantic, as truly represented by Mr. Pillsbury, with the number of your secret or open opponents, as stated by him, and when you consider the vast numbers of visitors from the United States, men of wealth and condition, who travel these countries from end to end, and obtain admission to the social circle of people of the greatest influence and consideration, you cannot wonder that the political, religious, literary and commercial classes are alike ignorant or misinformed respecting the vast importance of the efforts made by the Abolitionists. With us, as with you, the professed politician rarely looks further than the surface of affairs—the religious are guided by the supposed interests of their sects—the literary by the public opinion of their own clique—and the merchant by his pecuniary interests. A mere handful amongst them all have the slightest apprehension of the extent to which the interests of the human race, so far as these are are likely to be affected by the people of the United States, are wrapped up in the solution of the problem of slavery in that vast, energetic and rapidly increasing community.

I have now before me the 35th number of the second year of the *Saturday Review*, a weekly journal, consisting of original articles on the topics of the day, and of reviews of new books, which fill 24 small folio pages, to the exclusion of the summary of Parliamentary and public news which occupies a good share of the *Spectator, Examiner* and other similar London weekly newspapers of high character. This *Saturday Review* is a very able paper, and is distinguished by great raciness, sagacity and originality, which make its recurrence an ever recurring feast. This is my general experience of the *Saturday Review*, but whenever the question of slavery is touched on, we differ entirely. For example, the Hon. Amelia Murray's odious book is praised for her pluck, though the critic admits his own ignorance of the system which this lady exalts as one of God's select means of regenerating Africa. Last week we had an article, repulsive from the levity of its tone, founded on a brutal joke by some Southern paper on the assault on Mr. Sumner—and this week there is a leader on "England and America," in which, after rebuking Mr. Dallas's disposition to magnify trifles into causes of soreness or offence, the writer proceeds to say:

"On this side of the Atlantic, popular sympathy is greatly enlisted on the side of the Northern States; yet it is in New England and New York that hostility to this country is most general and most outrageous. Manufacturing jealousy has tended, in some degree, to produce a feeling which is mainly kept alive through the influence of the Irish immigration. Mr. Buchanan is a Pennsylvanian—Mr. Cushing is a citizen of Massachusetts—Mr. Pierce belongs to New Hampshire. The South, on the other hand, has no quarrel with England, except on account of the interference of Abolitionists with the question of slavery; and Mr. Toombs, with two or three other Senators from the Southern States, alone protested against the President's discourtesy in dismissing Mr. Crampton. The fillibustering resolution at Cincinnati was opposed by a formidable minority from the same portion of the Union. The Democratic party is a league between the slaveholders of the South and the old enemies of the Federal power in the North; and each section of the body brings doctrines of its own into the alliance. The warlike and aggressive tendency which has influenced the policy of the present Cabinet belongs exclusively to the *Doughface*, or Northern advocate of Southern institutions.

"For these and other reasons it is highly desirable that Englishmen should abstain from interfering in any of the domestic disputes of America. Sympathy with Mr Sumner or the Free Soil settlers of Kansas, however naturally it may be felt, is founded on insufficient knowledge of the circumstances, and is directed against the party which is least unfriendly to ourselves. Even the defeat of Mr. Buchanan would be rather a disadvantage than a gain; for a Republican President, elected by a temporary coalition of factions, would feel his position insecure, and a weak Government at Washington always courts popular support by appeals to the national prejudice against England. In the recent debates in the Senate, the opposition distinguished themselves by the vulgar violence of their protests against the English Government. The Democratic candidate will be less dependent upon agitation and excitement; and it may be added that in consequence of his age and the state of his health, Mr. Buchanan will probably not offer himself for reelection. The Philadelphia trials, and the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, were stages in Mr. Pierce's Presidential canvass."

Now, this strange jumble of true and false is unworthy of an English newspaper, and it unmistakably proceeds from the pen of an Englishman with Southern principles, if a native of the land of the Stripes and Stars had not a hand in concocting it. Even if it were true, which I do not believe, that hostility to this country is "most outrageous in New York and New England," would this writer therefore plead against our popular sympathy being extended on the side of the free States against those which are entirely ruled by despotic maxims and sympathies? Are Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Cushing and Mr. Pierce fair samples of Northern character and Northern sentiment? Or have not these men been so soiled by the means they have resorted to in their ascent to power that the really respectable portion of the Northern people regard them with loathing? Are Buchanan and Pierce worthy successors of Washington and Adams? Is Cushing an honest attorney? Have the South "no quarrel with England" because they sympathize with her, or because they fear her? Are not the Northern advocates of Southern institutions the majority both in number and influence of the Democratic party, who coalesce with the South and would league with the Devil if they could thereby extend what they pleasantly call "the area of freedom"?

The abstinence of interference on the part of Englishmen in the domestic disputes of America is already most exemplary. You know and so does Parker Pillsbury how small is the handful who take any interest in the trifling quarrel now going on about chattel slavery, but I don't see much chance of their keeping out of the *mêlée* because the writer in the *Saturday Review* thinks it more expedient that, on the whole, our sympathies should go with the South. I do not know what knowledge of circumstances this writer would require to help him to a conclusion, if the free use of bludgeons in the Senate, and of all the extremities of murder and rapine in Kansas are not enough for him. That Seward and some other of your opposition Senators may have hoped to help themselves to popular sympathy by chiming in with the popular prejudice against England may be unhappily too true. I cannot comprehend the motive which influence such men, if they are honest men. But their conduct is a paltry plea for a public moralist like the Saturday Reviewer to put forward against any manifestation of British dislike to a system which is eating away all those instincts and tradition that have hitherto identified the so-called Anglo-Saxon race on either side of the Atlantic. In the slave States, and amongst the Northern portion of the free States, people who have adopted Southern principles, religion, literature and morality are rapidly accommodating themselves to a policy more Russian than British, both at home and abroad.

In this same number of the *Review* which inculcates these cowardly, doughface maxims, there is an article on "Competition in Art." It seems that an Episcopal Church is about to be built with English money for the use of British residents at Constantinople, in the erection of which the authorities forbid all representation of human and animal life as sculptured decorations. The reviewer "cannot coincide in the propriety of compromising a Christian principle in the face of Mahomedan bigotry and superstition." But while the *Review* is ready to assert Christian principle without flinching, in the face of all the Turks in Turkey, the editor would seem to perceive no inconsistency in shutting the mouths of all the Britons in the British island against that perpetual defiance of all the precepts of Christianity involved in the system of American slavery. The very essence of all hearty co-operation is sympathy, and so long as the American people are allied to us in kindred, language, creed and literature, there will always be at least a few here who will feel deeply interested in whatever concerns you most, and who will not be withheld from saying so by paltry motives of political or selfish expediency.

I have no doubt you will be amused by the contrast between the flourish of trumpets with which I introduced the *Saturday Review* and the protest I make against some of its articles—but you have the true state of the case, and while the *Review* is generally admirable and able, it is clear that amongst its contributors there are some, whose moral tone is far superior to their ability—and who, like all such people, are prone to strain at gnats while they readily swallow camels.

Yours ever truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

SHOCKING CALAMITIES.—Since our last issue the public mind has been startled and appalled by three accidents, attended with the loss of many lives, occurring on the same day, Thursday, the 17th inst. The first heard of here was a railroad collision on the North Pennsylvania road, about twelve miles from Philadelphia. Between six and seven hundred children, with many parents and teachers, connected with St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church in Kensington, were in a special train of ten or a dozen cars, on their way to a Pic Nic, on Thursday morning of last week. Owing to the number of cars and the delay usual on such occasions, the train was behind time. The conductor of the regular train from Gwynedd for Philadelphia, on arriving at Camp Hill, where the two trains were to pass each other, and finding that the excursion train had not arrived, instead of waiting fifteen minutes, as he was instructed to do, went on, and the result was a collision, more violent and fatal, we believe, than any other in the whole history of American railroads. We must refer our readers to other papers for the full details, only remarking that over sixty persons were killed, and about one hundred more or less severely wounded; that among the killed was Father Sheridan, pastor of St. Michael's; and that Mr. Vanstavoren, the conductor whose carelessness was the cause of the accident, was so overwhelmed with remorse that he committed suicide, a few hours afterwards, by taking arsenic. Those who witnessed the collision describe it as appalling beyond description.

On the same day, the steamer Northern Indiana, on her passage from Buffalo to Toledo, took fire and burned to the water's edge. It is not yet known how many lives were lost, some reports putting the number at 30, others asserting it to be not less than 50. About 140 were saved by the steamer Mississippi.

On the same day the propeller Tinto was burned on Lake Ontario, and a dozen persons lost their lives in consequence.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, lately held at Chicago, refused to adopt resolutions on slavery and the recent outrages in Kansas and at Washington. On the first page will be found an article from *The Christian Inquirer*, commeating upon that refusal in proper terms of indignation. The article is weakened, however, by the introductory paragraph, which seems to afford a sort of justification of the course pursued by the Conference. In a later number of the same paper we find the following:

To the Editor of The Christian Inquirer:

We suppose that no one will deny the *right* of those recently assembled as a Western Religious Convention at Chicago, to dictate the terms upon which members from abroad might discuss and determine questions submitted to them. But it is very certain that many of the strangers invited to that Convocation would never have troubled themselves, bodies and souls, to have gone thither, had they supposed they should be called upon to fall down and worship an image of dough, with no leaven in it, unless "of the leaven of the Scribes and Pharisees." To avoid, therefore, all mistakes in future—to avoid doing anything under a mere seeming of fairness, let it be known unto all whom it may concern, that no vote condemning slavery, and the shocking abuses and wrongs connected with that most wicked of all social evils, shall be allowed to be taken in a Western Unitarian Conference, unless it be by unanimous consent. G. G. C.

FROM A LETTER OF AN AMERICAN LADY, *now in Europe, to a friend in this country.*

"Poor Sumner! It is dreadful to have had such an experience, and I am greatly grieved for him; but I have no belief that this event will be productive of much good. Do you remember my telling you, when Burns was carried away from Boston, that the wave of public indignation, though surging higher and higher at each fresh outrage, was never up to the requisite mark? If Disunion resolutions had been passed all over the country, at the Sumner meetings, it would have been more hopeful. But looking at our country somewhat aloof from the din of the strife, I have the feeling that she is so thoroughly demoralized by slavery as to have lost all pluck and courage. What I mean is, that the South could take away the *bread and butter* from the people of the North, and they would submit. The natural curse has fallen upon those who have connived at the oppressions of others, in the fact that now they are fit to bear oppression themselves. The men of our day would no more have resisted as the Revolutionary fathers did, than dare to withdraw from the Union now. But our duty is all the same, and the Abolitionists should go on more earnestly than ever. The Lord *may* save the city, for ten's sake."

CAPT. DANIEL DRAYTON.—We are requested, says the Boston *Telegraph*, to state, that this noble and heroic man is now too feeble to provide for his own support, and is compelled to look to the kindness of his friends, and the friends of the slave, for the means of subsistence. It would be a disgrace to the latter to allow him to suffer. We trust that those who remember his daring but unfortunate enterprise for the liberation of seventy-seven slaves at Washington, and the four years imprisonment which followed and ruined his health, will now remember him in adversity, as they would wish to be remembered in like circumstances. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Francis Jackson, of Boston.

WILLIAMSON *vs.* KANE.—The case of Passmore Williamson against Judge Kane is put down for trial at the August term of the Common Pleas at Media, Delaware Co., Pa. It is intimated, we know not on what grounds, that the case is likely to be postponed until November. We hope not, however.

A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.—At a meeting held in the Town Hall, Bridgewater, England, the Rev. S. A. STEINTHAL in the chair, it was

Resolved, That this meeting, having read with sorrow and indignation of the assault made upon the sacred right of freedom of speech, when the fitting representative of South Carolina chivalry, Preston Brooks, struck down, upon the floor of the Senate Chamber, the honourable Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Sumner, it would hereby express its deep sympathy with Mr. Sumner, and, through him, with all the noble men who are combatting against slavery in the United States, thereby earning for themselves names that shall be blessed through all ages by freemen of every land; and, while sympathizing thus deeply with the wrongs inflicted on the friends of freedom, would urge them to continue their efforts, even under their present trials, until the United States are freed from the curse of slavery.

(Signed) S. A. STEINTHAL, Chairman.

Bridgewater, June 26th, 1856.

FREMONT MOTTO WAFERS.—Dr. Wm. F. Channing, of Boston, has composed a series of motto-wafers, thirty in number, adapted to the present political campaign, and they have been published by Burnham, Federhen & Co., of that city. A sheet containing 60 wafers is sold for 6 cents; 25 sheets for $1. The mottos accord, of course, with the Republican platform. We hope the Dr. will, one of these days, get up a series of wafers with mottoes for revolution and disunion. That sort would be sure to *stick.*

BROOKS-LAW IN NEW YORK.—Mr. Bushrod Washington Vicks, a sprig of North Carolina chivalry, and a guest at the Metropolitan Hotel, taking offence, one day last week, at some political remark made in his hearing by Mr. Jacob Stanwood, a Northerner, approached him behind and struck him several severe blows on the head, back and arms, injuring him severely. For this attempt to introduce the Brooks-Bludgeon-Law into New York, Mr. Vicks will have to answer in the Courts.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—From the Seventh Annual Catalogue of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, located at Philadelphia, we learn that thirty-six ladies have during the past year pursued the regular course of studies in that institution. The idea of thoroughly preparing females for the medical profession seems destined to succeed eventually, notwithstanding the great opposition made to the project; and this College, under the auspices of Rev. Dr. Barnes, Hon. Ellis Lewis, and other gentlemen of like character, must contribute essentially to that success.

GIVE HIM A HORSE.—John Thomas and Thomas G. White are out in a card, in the Syracuse papers, calling upon the friends of freedom to furnish a horse for the use of Rev. J. W. Loguen, the agent of the Underground Railroad in that city. The business of the road has become so extensive that such an animal is greatly needed for the transportation of freight. We hope the call will be liberally responded to.

THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, says *The Bugle*, will hold its Anniversary at Salem, Ohio, commencing on Saturday, the 30th of August.

MR. MACE, of Indiana, did not vote, as the telegraph reported he had done, against the expulsion of Brooks. He was absent. Did he dodge?

CONGRESS has voted to close its present session on the 18th of August.

Summary.

A Southern matron, says the Richmond *Examiner*, is preparing a series of elementary books, for the use of Southern schools, devoid of sectional and fanatical sentiment.

BY THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—One day last week a party of sixteen escaped slaves arrived in Canada, and found quarters in Stamford township. One of the waiters at the Clifton House, near the Suspension Bridge, who escaped, two or three years ago, from bondage in Virginia, was apprised of the coming of the party and exerted himself to procure them a resting place. It so happened that he told the tale to a gentleman at the hotel who was his master's neighbour in Virginia. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous.—*Times.*

The Boston *Times* admits with evident satisfaction that the present Administration and the Buchanneer party connive at the African Slave trade. It says that fifteen slavers have been fitted out at New York within a year, and three within a few weeks. Of course this is done by favour of the Administration, which is very kind to the pirates, and gives them so many facilities for safety and success. The Pierce administration feels towards these slave traders just as it feels towards the land pirates who have carried outrage and murder into Kansas. This is why they are never punished or seriously interfered with.

A GOOD BOARDING-HOUSE.—While on a visit to Philadelphia, recently, we had an opportunity of judging of the new boarding-house kept by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Still, and can assure those of our friends who may visit that city, that they cannot do better than to give Mr. Still's house a trial. In pro-slavery places like New York and Philadelphia, where coloured persons are universally excluded from places of entertainment for strangers, houses like the above will be highly appreciated by the proscribed. Mr. Still's house is large, airy, and situated in a respectable part of the city. Mrs. Still is an excellent housekeeper, and will do all that can be done to make her guests comfortable.—B.—*Cor. Liberator.*

AFRAID OF THE TRUTH.—The Boston *Watchman* has the following:

"The Trustees of the Wake Forest College, North Carolina, have instructed the Faculty to discontinue the use of Wayland's Moral Science as a text-book in the Institution, *because it contains sentiments unsound and adverse to the domestic institutions of the South.* We suspect that the Trustees of Southern institutions will soon feel impelled to add the Bible to the list of proscribed books, for a similar reason. Southern masters will find themselves, like the Romish Inquisition, engaged in a hard contest, in their efforts to extinguish freedom of thought and speech in the nineteenth century."

EFFEMINATING EDUCATION.—The woman who was born in a garret, graduated in the kitchen and laundry, worked for her board when she was twelve years old, for wages at fourteen, and married out of drudging service into a labourer's two rooms up three flights of stairs, may have been left a widow with fifty dollars worth of household stuff, three children, no knowledge even of the art of reading, and not a friend in the world in better circumstances than herself; yet she will fight her own way and bring up her children somehow; while her lily-fingered fellow-sufferer, who was "finished" at a costly boarding-school and married amid pomp and luxury to a dashing young lawyer or merchant, is left by his early death the most helpless, useless, pitiable creature on earth.—*Tribune.*

FREE LABOURERS, READ THIS!—The *Montgomery* (Ala.) *Mail*, of May 15, thus notices the murder of Keating by the Cincinnati Delegate and Member of Congress, Herbert:

"SHOT THE RINGLEADER.—A few days ago, Mr. Herbert (formerly of Tuscaloosa, in this State), M. C. from California, was attacked by a mob of the waiters at his hotel, in Washington. He promptly put a bullet through the head waiter, and then surrendered to the authorities. There is do doubt he acted in self-defence.

"*It is getting time that hotel waiters a little further North were convinced that they* ARE *servants, and not 'gentlemen' in disguise. We hope that this affair will teach them prudence.*"

This is a fair sample of the estimation in which the free white labourer is held by the slaveholding oligarchy.

CASS WITHOUT THE C.—Mr. Cass has said a thing which must injure, if it does not altogether destroy his own name. In the American Senate, according to the American news in the *Times*.

"Mr. Cass said England had suffered so much in the War with Russia, that it was not at all unlikely that she might try to retrieve her reputation by a War on the Western Hemisphere."

If Mr. Cass is so ignorant of the English character as really to believe that England is capable of such idiotic as well as infamous policy as he insinuates, he must be content to lose the first letter of his name, and be written down the remainder. If he does not believe it and has said it, the name of Cass ought to be superseded by four asterisks. As a man of honour and a gentleman he may be said to exist no more, and to have for his epitaph the schoolboy's rendering of "*Hic jacet.*"—*Punch.*

ANOTHER CARGO OF SLAVES LANDED IN CUBA.—*Havana, Thursday, July* 10, 1856.—A large American clipper-built ship landed a cargo of Africans in the Bay of Cabanos, early in the past week—750 in number. The deed was done without discovery; but of course not without the knowledge of the local officials that it was to be, for which they had the conscience sedative usually applied in such cases. The vessel, from what I learn, got off the coast the evening following the discharge of the stock. It is well known by the traders where the negroes are concealed, and they will be exposed upon the estates of their present owners as soon as they are provided with the proper papers for their protection—or rather for protection of the property in the masters. The vessel and its outfitting is charged against the morality of the City of New York, from which port she has been absent about six months. Items of interest in this case yet remain to be discovered."—*Cor. Times.*

FREEDOM OF OPINION.—Up to the time of writing this—the mails all in, but the telegraph not closed—we have to add only two instances of personal chastisement inflicted by indignant Southerners upon men who had expressed opinions conflicting with the interests of slavery. Capt. Pate, lately the head of a gang of borderers in Kansas, struck Mr. Hanscom, the Clerk of the Investigating Committee, in Washington, Wednesday, for saying that it was cowardly in the doughty captain to surrender his command of twenty-five men to fifteen free State men. A companion of Captain Pate occupied himself in the leisure afforded by this engagement of his principal, by thrashing a doorkeeper of the House of Representatives. The cause is not stated; perhaps it was on account of the vote passed in the House in favour of the Topeka Constitution; perhaps it was merely for amusement and practice.—*Prov. Journal.*

ARE SLAVES PASSENGERS.—We learn from the Charleston papers that, in the case of the United States *vs.* the steamer Thomas Swan, a freight boat plying between Baltimore and that city, tried in the United States District Court, Judge Magrath has decided for the libellants. The *Standard* says:

"The Thomas Swan brought negroes to Charleston from Baltimore, belonging to Capt. Thomas Petigru. Upon her arrival she was boarded by an inspector, and was found not to have on board the several things required by the act of Congress for the security of passengers. A libel was filed against her on this account, and the matter was brought for adjudication into the District Court of the United States. It was there contended that, though transporting slaves, she was not a passenger boat in the sense contemplated by the act of Congress, and it was further contended that slaves, though property, were not passengers in contemplation of the act. But his Honour ruled that the act of carrying passengers is sufficient to bring any vessel propelled by steam within the requisitions of the law, and that as it was human life that was intended to be preserved, the slave, though property, is yet a passenger, within the object and purpose of the act. This is the first time since it was adopted that the act has been before the Court for its construction. It was accordingly ordered that the respondents pay to the libellants the penalty of five hundred dollars, provided in the act of Congress of the 30th August, 1852, with the costs of these proceedings."

SUBMARINE RELICS.—The schooner South Shore, Capt. Edward Otis, arrived at this port from Cape Breton last night, having on board many memorable implements of war and other articles, buried in the deep at the capture of Louisburg by the English in 1745. At that time five French armed vessels were sunk, and since, several attempts more or less successful, have been made to recover ordnance, balls, &c., which were then engulfed. The crew of the South Shore have been quite fortunate in this particular on their late cruise. They obtained eighteen iron cannon, some of them of large calibre, and one reaching the weight of 9,200 pounds. The ordnance remaining in the water for more than a century, is covered with rust, and has no legible marks to stamp it as once belonging to Louis XV. Besides the cannon, a variety of shot of different sizes, iron knees, pieces of cable, rope-yarn, and mementoes of the French defeat, of divers shapes, were also secured, all possessing a peculiar interest, as recalling that interesting ante-revolutionary era when our fathers acquired the discipline which enabled them subsequently to cast off British thraldom. The value of the material raised from the French wreck is estimated at $2,500. The company, consisting of five men, have been absent only two months and a half, and as they chartered the South Shore on their own account, will reap a profitable reward for their toils. This is the second trip they have made to the scene of the French disaster, as they visited the spot last Summer; but their success, in a pecuniary view, was not so decided then as it has been the present season.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE "NATIONAL DRESS REFORM ASSOCIATION" held its first Annual Meeting in Homer, on the 18th and 19th inst. It was well attended, and the interest fully sustained to the close. The Congregational Church was well filled on the evening of the 18th inst., to listen to an able address from Dr. James C. Jackson.

Letters from Hon. Gerrit Smith, Hon. William Hay, of Saratoga, J. C. Hathaway, Esq., of Farmington, and many other friends of this reform, who regretted the necessity for their absence, were read. Also *many* letters from men and women deeply interested in this movement, and expressing commendation of a Tract published by this Association.

Eight States were represented by earnest men and women, and others by letters. Three *regular* physicians were constrained to bid us persevere if we would *render their services needless.* The whole proceedings were characterized by propriety, dignity and devotion to principle. There were about eighty ladies in the "Reform Dress" present at the meeting, and, thanks to the good sense and self respect of the citizens of Homer, nothing occurred during the two days that we were passing about, to offend the most refined sensibility. No allusion was made to the different dress, *except in commendation.*

Homer is a beautiful town, with about two thousand inhabitants. It has a Collegiate Institution, with two or three hundred students of both sexes, and is noted for the intelligence and *healthy* conservatism of its people. There are in the vicinity two Institutions where the Reform Dress is worn considerably.

Dr. R. N. Austin, Glen Haven, Cayuga County, N. Y., is Corresponding Secretary of this Association.—*Cor. Chr. Inq.*

AID FOR KANSAS.—We listened last evening, with more than ordinary satisfaction throughout, to the address of Mrs. H. M. Cutler, of Chicago, in behalf of the suffering women and children of Kansas. It was remarkable for its good sense, not less than for its deep feeling. She evinced a full consciousness of the high-handed assaults which slaveholders, with the sanction and efficient aid of our General Government, have made upon the citadel and outposts of our Freedom. She showed herself to be well acquainted with the outrages that have been perpetrated upon the friends of liberty in Kansas, and the perilous straits in which those are still held, who have not been murdered or driven from that territory. But she, and those with whom she is associated, prefer to leave the sterner work of war to the men, and address themselves to the relief and support of the women and children in Kansas, who have been reduced to extreme destitution and suffering, by the Border Ruffians, backed by the power of the General Government. She assured us the accounts that have been given of their distressed condition, are not exaggerated. She made an appeal in their behalf, which the whole audience sensibly felt.

Mrs. Hilliard, of Chicago, President of the Illinois Women's Kansas Aid Society, then gave an interesting account of the movement commenced in Chicago about a month ago, for the relief of the suffering in Kansas. Both she and Mrs. Cutler gave evidences of no little practical ability, and they assured their hearers, that the plan devised is such as will make it certain that the contributions of the benevolent will be conveyed to the relief of those who are suffering.

A meeting of ladies was held this morning at 9 o'clock, in the Unitarian Church, and measures adopted to bring into co-operation the benevolent ladies of all the churches of our city, for the relief of the afflicted and destitute in Kansas. We shall be happy to give all the aid we may in this benevolent and patriotic enterprise.—*Syracuse Journal.*

GERRIT SMITH AND FREMONT.—Gerrit Smith stopped in this city yesterday on his way to the great Kansas meeting at Buffalo. While here the following colloquy occurred between him and another gentleman:

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Fremont, Mr. Smith?"

"Very well—he dined with me several times at Washington, and he is a great favourite in my family."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He is the most modest man I ever knew—he rarely speaks unless spoken to—a man of talents, generous impulses, and an accomplished scholar."

"Is he firm, has he decision of character, is he reliable, in case he is elected President?"

"Perfectly—if Mr. Fremont is President, he will carry out his convictions promptly, and with unfaltering firmness."

"Is he a slaveholder?"

"No, never—until lately he has been very poor, and in no condition to be a slaveholder—besides he is anti-slavery."

"Well, what do you think of Jessie?"

"She is beautiful, highly educated, and accomplished. Her mother is the da

Miscellaneous Department.

POETRY OF THE PURITANS.

THEIR canons of taste have become those of all England, and High Churchmen, who still call them round-heads and cropped ears, go about rounder-headed and closer cropt than they ever went. They held it more rational to cut the hair to a comfortable length than to wear effeminate curls down the back. And we cut ours much shorter than they ever did. They held (with the Spaniards, then the finest gentlemen in the world) that sad, *i. e.*, dark colours, above all black, were the fittest for stately and earnest gentlemen. We all, from the Tractarian to the Anythingarian, are exactly of the same opinion. They held that lace, perfumes, and jewelry on a man were marks of unmanly foppishness and vanity; and so hold the finest gentlemen in England now. They thought it equally absurd and sinful for a man to carry his income on his back, and bedizen himself out in reds, blues, and greens, ribbons, knots, slashes, and "treble quadruple dædalian ruffs, built up on iron and timber (a fact), which have more arches in them for pride than London Bridge for use." We, if we met such a ruffed and ruffled worthy as used to swagger by hundreds up and down Paul's walk, not knowing how to get a dinner, much less to pay his tailor, should look on him as firstly a fool, and secondly a swindler; while, if we met an old Puritan, we should consider him a man gracefully and picturesquely drest, but withal in the most perfect sobriety of good taste; and when we discovered (as we probably should), over and above, that the harlequin cavalier had a box of salve and a pair of dice in one pocket, a pack of cards and a few pawn-brokers' duplicates in the other; that his thoughts were altogether of citizens' wives, and their too easy virtue; and that he could not open his mouth without a dozen oaths, we should consider the Puritan (even though he did quote Scripture somewhat through his nose) as the gentleman; and the courtier as a most offensive specimen of the "snob triumphant," glorying in his shame. The picture is not ours, nor even the Puritan's. It is Bishop Hall's, Bishop Earle's—it is Beaumont's, Fletcher's, Jonson's, Shakspeare's—the picture which every dramatist, as well as satirist, has drawn of the "gallant" of the seventeenth century. No one can read those writers honestly without seeing that the Puritan, and not the Cavalier conception of what a British gentleman should be, is the one accepted by the whole nation at this day.

In applying the same canon to the dress of women, they were wrong. As in other matters, they had hold of one pole of a double truth, and erred in applying it exclusively to all cases. But there are two things to be said for them; first, that the dress of that day was palpably an incentive to the profligacy of that day, and therefore had to be protested against; in these more moral times, ornaments and fashions may be harmlessly used, which then could not be used without harm. And next, it is undeniable that sober dressing is more and more becoming the fashion among well-bred women, and that among them, too, the Puritan canons are gaining ground.

But as for these Puritans having been merely the sour, narrow, inhuman persons they are vulgarly supposed to have been, *credat Judæus*. There were sour and narrow men enough among them; so there were in the opposite party. No Puritan could have had less poetry in him, less taste, less feeling, than Laud himself. But is there no poetry save words? no drama save that which is presented on the stage? Is this glorious earth, and the souls of living men, mere prose, as long as "*carent vate sacro*," who will, forsooth, do them the honour to make poetry out of a little of them (and of how little!) by translating them into words, which he himself, just in proportion as he is a good poet, will confess to be clumsy, tawdry, ineffectual? Was there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge: but simply idyllic poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of the heart and the hearth, and the beauties of every day human life? Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it, his cheek the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half-way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he, therefore, the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boots; but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby's field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his moustache and imperial, and bright red coat, and cuiras well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sate his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet Cousin Patience, far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his heart, while he was "doing the Lord's work" in the teeth of death and hell: but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him, five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep. We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind) as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his mother and how they would hear, at least, that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet Autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? There is the dyke where he and his brothers snared the great pike which stole the ducklings—how many years ago? while pretty little Patience stood by trembling, and shrieked at each snap of the brute's wide jaws; and there—down that long dark lode, rustling with crimson in the sunset breeze, he and his brother skated home in triumph with Patience when his uncle died. What a day that was! when, in the clear, bright Winter noon, they laid the gate upon the ice, and tied the beef bones under the four corners, and packed little Patience on it. How pretty she looked, though her eyes were red with weeping, as she peeped out from among the heap of blankets and horse hides, and how merrily their long fen-runners whistled along the ice-lane, between the high banks of sighing reed, as they towed home their new treasure in triumph, at a pace like a race horse's, to the dear old home among the poplar trees. And now he was going home to meet her, after a mighty victory, a deliverance from heaven, second only in his eyes to that of the Red Sea one. Was there no poetry in his heart at that thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamour of the wild-fowl, gathering for one rich pæan ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled, softly wailing, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eyes grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen-bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be, he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the court-yard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes, because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hidiag from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes, Waller's Sacharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled is but one," than if he had filled pages with sonnets, about Venuses, and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and cruels nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's *Evangeline* itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning; when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every stye, would needs canter down by his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the partridges whirred up before them, and the lurchers flashed like gray snakes after the hare, and the colts came winnying round, with starting eyes and streaming manes, and the two chatted on in the same sober business-like English tone, alternately of "The Lord's great dealings," by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest fen-men, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horncastle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought, they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds.—*North British Review.*

A SERENADE AT THE VILLA.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

THAT was I, you heard last night
When there rose no moon at all,
Nor, to pierce the strained and tight
Tent of heaven, a planet small:
Life was dead, and so was light.

II.

Not a twinkle from the fly,
Not a glimmer from the worm.
When the crickets stopped their cry,
When the owls forebore a term,
You heard music; that was I.

III.

Earth turned in her sleep with pain,
Sultrily suspired for proof:
In at heaven and out again,
Lightning!—where it broke the roof,
Bloodlike, some few drops of rain.

IV.

What they could my words expressed,
O my love, my all, my one!
Singing helped the verses best,
And when singing's best was done,
To my lute I left the rest.

V.

So wore night; the east was gray,
White the broad-faced hemlock flowers;
Soon would come another day;
Ere its first of heavy hours
Found me, I had past away.

VI.

What became of all the hopes,
Words and song and lute as well?
Say, this struck you—"When life gropes
Feebly for the path where fell
Light last on the evening slopes,

VII.

"One friend in that path shall be
To secure my steps from wrong;
One to count night day for me,
Patient through the watches long,
Serving most with none to see."

VIII.

Never say—as something bodes—
"So the worst has yet a worse!
When life halts 'neath double loads,
Better the task-master's curse
Than such music on the roads!

IX.

"When no moon succeeds the sun,
Nor can pierce the midnight's tent
Any star, the smallest one,
While some drops, where lightning went,
Show the final storm begun—

X.

"When the fire-fly hides its spot,
When the garden-voices fail
In the darkness thick and hot—
Shall another voice avail,
That shape be where those are not?

XI.

"Has some plague a longer lease
Proffering its help uncouth?
Can't one even die in piece?
As one shuts one's eyes on youth,
Is that face the last one sees?"

XII.

Oh, how dark your villa was,
Windows fast and obdurate!
How the garden grudged me grass
Where I stood—the iron gate
Ground its teeth to let me pass!

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.

IN a former volume of the "Leisure Hour," we printed a brief memoir of Francis Arago, the great French astronomer and mathematician to whom modern science owes so much, and on whose discovery of temporary magnetism is based the existence of the electric telegraph. That memoir touched but briefly on the events of the philosopher's youth, which was one of adventure and peril in the discharge of the duties of his profession. Of these adventures M. Arago has left behind him an autobiographical record, under the title of "History of my Youth." It is but a cursory review, penned from recollection after the lapse of years, yet it is full of interesting and instructive matter, and we feel that we need offer no apology to our readers for presenting them with a condensed summary of the facts which it relates.

When Arago was a mere boy, residing with his parents at Perpignan, an accidental meeting with a young officer of engineers, who had been a pupil of the Polytechnic School, determined him to the study of the higher branches of mathematics. He must have been possessed of extraordinary resolution and perseverance, and of faculties no less extraordinary for success in the pursuit which he chose thus early, and which he prosecuted with undiminished ardor to the end of his life. With no other assistance than he derived from the advice of Mr. Raynal, a private gentleman versed in mathematics, with whom his family were acquainted, he made himself master, before he was sixteen years of age, of all the subjects contained in the programme for admission to the Polytechnic School. When the proper period arrived, he went with a companion to Toulouse for examination, at which he came off more than triumphant, and was placed by the examiner, M. Monge, first on the list.

Arago entered the Polytechnic School in 1803, his seventeenth year, and studied under the celebrated Legendre, whom he conciliated by his talent and independence. In his second year, he was appointed *chef de brigade*, had apartments in the residence of the hydrographer, Hatchette, and gained the friendship of the first professors of the college. Soon after this, M. Mechain, who had been sent to Spain to prolong the meridional line as far as Farmentera, died, and his son resigned the secretaryship of the Observatory. Arago was requested to fill the vacancy, and was introduced by his friend Poisson to the great Laplace, who loaded him with civilities. The heart of the young student bounded with joy when he dined with the great geometer, the author of the "Mechanique Celeste," in the Rue de Tournon.

At the Observatory, Arago became the fellow-labourer of Biot in his researches on the refraction of gases. While thus employed, the two submitted to Laplace a project for resuming the measurement interrupted by the death of Mechain, and were soon after appointed by government to prosecute that mission. They departed from Paris at the commencement of 1806, and immediately began their work. They found the old signals overthrown by storms, and endured great fatigues in traversing on foot the mountainous districts between Valencia and Catalonia and the kingdom of Arragon, in order to reestablish them. These toils were only varied by solitude for months together on the summit of a lofty peak and the occasional society of a couple of Carthusian monks, who, in violation of the rules of their order, came to converse with them. Add to this, that their lives were often threatened by banditti, from whom the writer records several hair-breadth escapes—and some idea may be formed of the disagreeable romance of their position. During a great part of the time, Arago's companion, M. Biot, was laid up with a fever at Tarragon, and he had to prosecute his labours alone. The state of society in Spain at that time was as bad as it is possible to imagine; robbery and murder stalked abroad in the solitudes, assassins took refuge in the churches, where they defied the sword of justice, and the Romish priests, abandoned to party enmities and sensual indulgences, made a mock of religion.

M. Biot, on his recovery, rejoined Arago at Valencia, and both proceeded to Farmentera, where they successfully accomplished the task they had undertaken. M. Biot then returned to Paris, and Arago remained to carry out the measurement through the islands of Majorca and Ivica. By this time war had broken out between France and Spain. Arago had fixed his station on the top of a high mountain in Majorca, and the populace, mad with hatred against everything French, chose to construe his scientific demonstrations into war signals and telegraphs to the French army. He was obliged to fly for his life in disguise. He was refused admission on board his own vessel by the captain, and narrowly escaped, not without a wound from a dagger, into the castle of Belver, as a prisoner. The governor of the prison, an eccentric personage, who appears to have discovered the merits of hydropathy forty years prior to Preissnitz, treated him kindly. One friend alone dared to visit him, and, to relieve the tedium of confinement, sent him the journals of the times as fast as they appeared. In one of these Arago read the account of his own execution as a spy, in which he was described as having submitted to his fate with becoming decency. The perusal of this paragraph convinced him that his death was resolved on, and he determined to attempt an escape. By the aid of his friend Rodrigues, he found means to embark in a frail fishing-boat, on the 28th of July, 1808, and, first touching at Cabrera, arrived at Algiers on the 3d of August. Here the crew were refused permission to disembark, by one of the police, who was a Spaniard, and they had to fight for liberty to step ashore. Arago and his three companions in flight were hospitably received by the French consul, who furnished them with false passports, and procured them a passage in a vessel about to sail for Marseilles. The vessel left the port of Algiers on the 13th of August, and entered the Gulf of Lyons on the 16th. Here she unhappily fell in with a Spanish privateer, who took possession of her as a prize, under the pretence that she was violating the blockade raised by Spain on all the coasts of France. Looking from the cabin of the vessel, Arago recognised, among the crew of the boat which had come to take possession of the prize, his old servant Pablo Blanco. He immediately got into bed and covered his head with the counterpane, lest Pablo should recognise him, and betray him. The supposed prize was taken to Rosas, and the crew and passengers placed in quarantine in a dismantled windmill, the young philosopher fortunately escaping recognition by his old servant.

The captured vessel being richly laden, the Spanish authorities wished to declare it a lawful prize. They asserted that Arago was her proprietor, and began an examination, in order to get evidence of that fact, if possible; but the young fellow puzzled them so completely by the various dialects he spoke, that they were unable to fix his nationality, much less to identify him as owner, and they gave up the attempt as a bad job. Being in possession of a safe-conduct from the English Admirality, Arago wrote to the captain of an English vessel at anchor in the roads, demanding his protection; the captain, however, refused to "mix himself up" in the affair, and left him to his fate. Meanwhile, finding that the report of his being a Spanish deserter, and the owner of the prize, was gaining credit, he wrote to the commandant of the place, declaring himself a Frenchman, and proved the declaration by reference to his former servant Pablo Blanco. But that same day the commandant was superseded by an Irish colonel, and Arago still remained in quarantine.

When the term of quarantine had expired, the prisoners were removed to the fortress of Rosas, and Arago, with his friend M. Berthémie, were thrust into a casemate which was no better than a dungeon, and fed on rations of dry bread and rice, which latter they had no means of cooking. To obtain better food, he sold his watch for a fourth of its value, an act which, though it relieved his present necessities, not very long after plunged his family in sorrow. It happened that Arago's father, who, ignorant of the fate of his son, went in quest of news wherever Spaniards were to be found, saw in the hands of a soldier the watch he had given to him at parting, and at once concluded him to be dead, swooned on the spot.

Towards the end of September, the prisoners were removed from their casemate, to a citadel at the entrance of the roads, and cast into a dungeon which the light of day never penetrated: here they remained but a few weeks, when they were transported to the port of Palamos, where they were sheltered in a hulk, and allowed to go ashore and parade their rags and miseries in the town. In this place Arago made the acquaintance of the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe, who, being herself in poverty and exile, could offer him no better hospitality than a piece of sugared bread. That same evening a poor emigrant on his way to France, coming alongside the hulk in a boat, handed his snuff-box, to Arago, desiring him to take a pinch. Within the box was an ounce of gold, which the prisoner took, replacing it with a few words addressed to his family, which happily reached them, and tended to relieve their anxiety on his account. It is worth noting, that the first use the prisoners made of the ounce of gold, was to regale themselves with an immense dish of potatoes.

But the hour of deliverance approached. While the crew and passengers of the captured vessel had been performing quarantine in the windmill, Arago had written to the Dey of Algiers, informing him of the illegal arrest of the vessel, and the death of one of the two lions which it contained, and which were sent by the Dey as a present to Napoleon. This last circumstance transported the African despot with rage. He sent immediately for the Spanish Consul, claimed a round sum for the dead lion, and threatened war if the ship were not instantly released. Spain had, just then, too many irons in the fire to venture to entangle herself with new difficulties, and an order was immediately despatched to release the vessel so anxiously coveted.

On the receipt of this good news, Arago and his fellow prisoner made active preparations for their departure; and on the 28th of November, 1808, they set sail, steering for Marseilles. Some Mussulmen on board declared that it was written above, that the vessel should not enter that town, and so it proved. No sooner were they in sight of the port, than a violent squall from the north drove them out to sea, where they were blown about by storms for several days, and finally when entirely ignorant of their course, landed, on the 5th of December, at Bougie, an almost deserted port, three days' sail from Algiers.

Without money or friends at Bougie, it was necessary for the party to get to Algiers; but the passage was pronounced impossible by sea at that time of year, and it was deemed so dangerous by land, on account of robbers, that the cadi of the town refused them permission to attempt it. To overcome his opposition, Arago and M. Berthémie had to sign a document protesting that they had undertaken the journey in opposition to his will, and that he was not responsible for the result. They then bargained with a Mahomedan priest to guide them to Algiers for the sum of twenty piasters and a red mantle. They had themselves to assume the garb of Mussulmen, and then, first showing their guide that they had no money or valuables with them, so that if they were killed he would lose his reward, they set out, accompanied by an escort of Moorish sailors who were drawn from the crew of the ship. Arago had made friends with the remaining lion, and at his departure paid him a farewell visit.

The overland journey appears to have occupied nearly three weeks, during which the adventurers encountered a series of perils from wild beasts, wandering Kabyles or desert robbers, and the tribes inhabiting the villages through which they passed. Had they been recognised as Christians, they would infallibly have perished; and, as it was, their escape was accounted almost a miracle. When at length they arrived at Algiers, it was not believed that they had made the transit from Bougie, and even the dey himself was incredulous as to the fact, until it was confirmed by other evidence. They were cordially received by the French consul, and once more placed in comfort. Shortly after his arrival at Algiers, Arago recovered his instruments, which, with his luggage, had come round by sea.

To return to France, from which an untoward fate seemed to debar him, must naturally have been the dearest object of his wishes; but again an obstacle arose that detained him for several months on the African coast. The old dey had been put to death for the sole crime of want of energy in governing; and the new one, perhaps not wishing to figure in the same way, made a preposterous claim upon the French consul for a large sum of money, and, on the refusal of it, declared war against France. This act rendered Arago and his companion prisoners of war. They were not, however, placed in confinement, but allowed to go at large on parole. No active measures followed the declaration of war, but the port was closed against France for five months, during which time the young astronomer had leisure to make some observations on the social life of the Algerines. These are not remarkable either for their originality or depth, and would present nothing new to the generality of our readers were we to quote them.

The dey continuing obstinate in his demand, and the French consul as obstinate in his determination not to pay a cent, the trade with France languished, and at length came to a stand-still. In this dilemma, one Bakri, an Algerine merchant, to save his vessels, which were in danger of confiscation if they touched the French shore, paid the sum demanded by the grasping dey. Permission to depart was instantly granted to the prisoners, and on the 21st of June, 1809, Arago once more set sail for Marseilles, in company with the French consul and his family. To amuse him, as he said, the consul gave him the whole of the letters which the inhabitants of the Baleares had been writing to their friends on the continent, with directions to gather from them any political information that might be of service. Among them he found despatches from Admiral Collingwood, which were sent to the French minister of naval affairs; and he had the curious satisfaction in others of finding himself and his actions commented upon in a style not intended for his perusal or for the gratification of his self-love. On the 1st of July, when off Marseilles, they fell in with an English frigate, which came to debar their entrance, and whose captain ordered them to the Hyere Islands, to await the decision of Admiral Collingwood. They chose to disobey the order, and, escaping to the little island of Pomegue, arrived the next day at Marseilles, where Arago disembarked at the lazaretto. Thus had he arrived at home after being buffeted about for eleven months since his first departure from Algiers.

His family had long supposed him dead, and his letters from the lazaretto reached them like a voice from the tomb. The first news he received from Paris, was an epistle from the great Humboldt, condoling with his misfortunes and offering him his friendship. Then came M. Pons, the director of the Observatory at Marseilles, whose society lightened the tedium of quarantine. The moment he escaped from the lazaretto, Arago flew to the bosom of his family and the embrace of his mother, whose joy at his return can only be imagined. From his native town he proceeded to Paris, where he deposited his observations, which he had preserved through all his tribulations, at the Bureau of Longitude and the Academy of Sciences; and a few days after his arrival, on the 18th of September, 1809, he was nominated an Academician in the place of Lalande. He was then twenty-three years of age.

Although he had been nominated with a majority of forty-seven votes out of fifty-two, the jealousy of Laplace in favour of his pupil, M. Poisson, withstood his admission. Laplace first endeavoured to persuade him to wait until there was a vacancy also for M. Poisson, and finding that of no avail, then opposed him on the ground of non-qualification. This drew upon the great man the reproof of Lagrange, and others the oldest members of the Academy, and Laplace withdrew his opposition, and even awarded Arago his vote on the day of election, an event which the latter records as a source of satisfaction after the lapse of forty-two years.

Shortly after his election, Arago was presented to the Emperor, who had confirmed his nomination; but subsequently, on a frivolous pretence, he was ordered by the directors of the conscription either to furnish a substitute or to join the army in person. He resisted this petty tyranny, and declared that if driven to extremity he would present himself among the conscripts in the costume of a member of the Institute, and in that garb would march on foot through Paris. The director, fearing the effect such a scene would produce on the Emperor, withdrew his order.

Before the expiration of the year, Arago succeeded M. Monge in his professional chair, and with this honourable era of his life the adventures and the history of his youth may be said to have terminated. Of his subsequent career as an astronomer and a man of science we have treated elsewhere. It is known that in 1830 he became perpetual secretary to the Academy for the mathematical sciences, and that, in order efficiently to fulfil the functions of his office, he resigned his professorship in the Polytechnic School. He was a zealous worker, and discharged his duties to nearly the last day of his life. How much he honoured his country and benefited mankind by his unwearied investigations in the great volume of nature is best known to those who devote their lives to similar labours.—*Leisure Hour.*

From The National Era.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

ALL night above their rocky bed
They saw the stars march slow;
The wild Sierra overhead,
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The gray bear from his den,
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow: at last, a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men!" he cried; "yon rocky comb,
To-day, please God, we'll pass,
And look from Winter's frozen home
On Summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod th' eternal snow,
And, faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs,
To flap his baffled wing,
And downward, with the cataracts,
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band!
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet, flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear,
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, Fremont! and go before;
The Hour must have its Man;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van!

J. G. W.

GERMANY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THINGS which were formerly events, are now every-day occurrences; and pleasures which were looked forward to for months with beating hearts, are now regarded as childish, insipid and tedious.

"Generally speaking," says Steffens, "it was not the custom then, as it is now, to cram children with pleasures. If the instruction was scanty, so were the playthings and amusements. Now, people seem anxious to exhaust everything, of every kind, as soon as possible; and the result is a weariness of life, a thorough disgust, which, early excited, exchanges one satiety for another, and strives to abridge the intervals between true living and productive enjoyment, with such fearful rapidity, that it can nowhere take root and come to maturity.

"Thus the child turns with disgust from its heaps of toys; the youth from his oppressive mass of undigested acquirements; and both have to regret the loss of epochs which ought to have had a vital influence on their whole future lives, but which are faded, withered, fallen. The boy is prematurely knowing; the youth, a critic."

"The life of the middle classes," says Jacobs, "was then very simple. My father's income was precarious, and we grew up under restraints which would now appear melancholy and oppressive to children of our class. But the amusements to which the children of the present day are accustomed, were unknown to those of a former; and they missed not what they did not know. Spacious buildings, which kept asunder the members of a family, were rare, and those who had them used them only on rare occasions. Parents and children were generally together in one room; the children worked and played under the eyes of their parents, and a great part of education consisted in this companionship. Filial obedience, the source and foundation of all domestic and civil virtues, was a matter of course; and parents were the better for the constraint which the presence of their children imposed on their words and actions. The respect which parents (with few exceptions) inspired, saved them much admonition, teaching and preaching—the cheap, but feeble substitutes for practical education. So, at least, was it in our house. Company was hardly thought of; at the utmost, families assembled after afternoon service on Sundays; the women to discuss the sermon, the men to talk of business or news, or, if they had nothing to say, to play backgammon. Family festivals were rare. On New-year's-day and birth-days, relations wished each other joy: the boys generally in a Latin or German speech, got by heart.

"Presents were not thought of. Those for children were reserved for Christmas Eve, when the tree, with its sweetmeats and angels and wax-lights, gave an appearance of festal splendour to things which were, in fact, mere necessaries.

"With this exception, our Winter pleasures were confined to a not very spacious court-yard, exchanged in Summer for a little garden within the walls, which my father hired. We took no walks. Only once a year, when the harvest was ripe, our parents took us out to spend an evening in the fields."

Goëthe tells us that, in his grandfather's house, every day, the same business was followed by the same simple pleasures, in exactly the same order. In such a life disappointment was scarcely possible. The old man's expectations were extremely moderate, and he knew exactly what he expected. "In his room," says Goëthe, "I never saw a novelty. I recollect no form of existence, that ever gave me, to such a degree, the feeling of unbroken calm and perpetuity." Yet this was in the busy and wealthy city of Frankfort, on the high road of Europe. * * * The effect of this unchangeable plan of life on the character and happiness, was incalculably different from that produced by the restless, striving, all-attempting, all-overturning existence of the present generation, both for good and for evil. * * I must still think that the absence of the continual exciting movement which now prevails, favoured the possibility of deep thought and steady feeling: the character, though more onesided and narrow, had a depth and consistency which is now rare.

Children, in a natural state, prefer an old book, a story which they have heard a hundred times, to anything unaccustomed. The narrator who thinks to please them by various readings, and new *fioriture*, finds himself completely mistaken. At the smallest departure from the authentic version, he is called to order, and brought back to the established form of the history, every deviation from which is a disappointment. So it was with the amusements of our ancestors. Each holiday had its appropriate and *obligé* diversion, its peculiar dish or confection, its fixed form of salutation. To alter these was to invert the order of nature. Surprises were unwelcome; people liked to know exactly what was coming—what they had to see, to feel, to say, and even to eat.—*Mrs. Austin's Germany.*

OLD TIMES.

AT a late meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Rowland E. Evans presented the following ancient testimony of "Woman Friends (Quakers) of Burlington," against the vanities and follies which, it would appear, had already begun to prevail over the simplicity of that primitive time.

From Woman friends at the yearly meeting held
at Burlington the 21st of the 7th month, 1726,
To Woman friends at the several quarterly and
monthly meetings belonging to the same,
Greeting:

Dear and Well-Beloved Sisters: A weighty concern coming upon many fiaithful ffriends at this meeting in relation to divers undue liberties that are too frequently taken by some that walk among us and are accounted of us; we are willing, in the pure love of Truth which hath mercifully visited our souls, tenderly to caution and advise our ffriends against those things which we think inconsistent with our ancient Christian testimony of plainnes, in apparel, &c., some of which we think proper to particularize.

As first, that immodest fashion of hooped petticoats, or the imitation of them, either by something put into their petticoats to make them set full, or wearing more than is necessary, or any other imitation whatsoever, which we take to be but a branch springing from the same corrupt root of pride. And also that none of our ffriends accustom themselves to wear the gowns with superfluous folds behind, but plain and decent; nor to go without aprons, nor to wear superfluous gathers or plaits in their caps or pinners, nor to wear their heads dressed high behind; neither to cut or lay their hair on their forehead or temples.

And that ffriends be careful to avoid wearing striped shoes, or red or white heeled shoes or clogs; or shoes trimmed with gaudy colours.

Likewise that all ffriends be careful to avoid all superfluity of ffurniture in their houses, and as much as may be to refrain using gaudy flowers or striped calicoes and stuffs.

And also that no ffriends use that irreverent practice of taking snuff, or handing snuff-boxes one to the other in meetings.

Also that ffriends avoid the unnecessary use of fans in meetings, lest it divert the mind from the more inward and spiritual exercise which all ought to be concerned in.

And also that ffriends do not accustom themselves to go with bare breasts or bare necks.

There is likewise a tender concern upon our minds to recommend unto all ffriends the constant use of the plain language, &c., being a branch of our ancient Christian testimony, for which many of our worthy Elders underwent deep sufferings in their day, as they likewise did because they could not give the common salutations by bowing and cringing of the body, which we earnestly desire ffriends may be careful to avoid.

And we further tenderly advise and exhort that all ffriends be careful to maintain love and unity, and to watch against whisperings and evil surmisings one against another; and to keep in humility, that nothing be done through strife or vain glory; and that those who are concerned to take an oversight over the flock, do it not as lords over God's heritage, but as servants to the churches.

Dear Sisters, these things we solemnly recommend to your careful notice, in a degree of that divine love which hath graciously manifested itself for the redemption of a remnant from the vain conversation, custom and fiashions that are in the world, that we might be unto the Lord a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, showing forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light; that we may all walk as children of the light and of the day, is the earnest desire of our souls.

We conclude with the salutation of unfeigned love, your ffriends and sisters.

Signed on behalf and by order of the said meeting, by
HANNAH HILL.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S FIRST NEWSPAPER CONTRIBUTION.—Jerrold, Douglas, author, dramatist and journalist, was born at Sheerness, in Kent, about 1802. His father was manager of the theatre there; and thus in his earliest days, the future successful dramatist obtained an acquaintance with "things theatrical." Like all boys who pass their youth among sailors and shipping, young Jerrold was seized with the desire to go to sea. He was a delicate and nervous lad, and decidedly ill-suited for the line of life he had fixed upon. His father, in vain, tried to dissuade him from his purpose, until, finding him stubborn and resolved, he allowed him to have his own way, and obtained for him, from an influential naval officer who often came to the theatre, a midshipman's commission on board a man-of-war. But the delight at wearing the King's uniform, and having big men under his command, were small compensations for the hard labour, hard living, and hard usage the young "mid" had to endure; and, at the end of a year or two, his affection for salt water had changed into a longing for the settled quiet home. He quitted the service, and being once more questioned by his parents as to "what he would like to be," he chose the calling of a printer, and was at once bound apprentice to that trade. Some time subsequently he came up to London and obtained employment as a compositor. One of his fellow-apprentices was a lad of about his own years and disposition, and between them a close friendship sprang up. It was thus that he and Laman Blanchard became inseparable companions. They worked at the same frame, they shared each other's good and bad fortune, and passed their evenings and spare time in each other's society, discussing the beauties of Shakspeare and other poets. After enduring years of drudgery at the mechanical duties of a compositor, which, to one of so imaginative and powerful a mind must have been almost unbearable, Mr. Jerrold determined upon making his first essay as an author. The opera of "Der Freischutz," was produced for the first time in London, and the two friends went to witness the performance. The grand and mysterious music which illustrates the wild German story made so deep an impression on Jerrold's mind, that on reaching his humble lodgings he sat up half the night writing an essay on the opera. As morning was breaking he stepped out and dropped his first article into the editor's box of the newspaper on which he was engaged as workman. In the morning, as he was wondering over the fate of his anonymous composition, he was joyfully surprised at having his own writing placed in his hands to be set up for the next number. The essay soon caused a sensation, but amidst all the praise the young author preserved his incognito; until, at last, finding himself earnestly enquired after in the "Notices to Correspondents," he presented himself to the editor, who instantly employed him upon work more suited to his abilities and more congenial to his taste than that of setting up type.—*Men of the Times.*

HOW STATUES ARE MADE.—"Dick Tinto," the Florence correspondent of the New York *Times*, writes that the inducements for American sculptors to remain in Italy—Powers, Hart, Crawford and others—are that they have constantly on hand more orders than they can execute, and employ numerous workmen at cheap wages. We quote:

"These workmen, who actually perform the whole or nine-tenths of the chiseling, cutting in marble what their employer sets before them in plaster, receive Italian wages—a small daily pittance. If taken to New York they would at once treble and quadruple their Italian earnings, and would, probably, set up for themselves as carvers in a small way, or as decorators and ornamenters of churches and public buildings. The chisel is no longer the tool of the master sculptor—his instrument is an odd bit of stick, with which he scoops away at the figure in clay, or 'at the mud,' as he will tell you himself. When finished as nearly as such a material can be, a mould is taken, and from that mould a cast in plaster. If necessary, this coat is still further finished and sand-papered, and is then handed over to the cutter, whose duty it is to execute an exact *fac-simile* in marble. The sculptor proper may never touch this marble, and when he is told it is done, he is ready to deliver it to its owner. The workmen in Mr. Powers' studio have executed not far from forty Proserpines from the one plaster originally composed by the master, and the Greek Slave has in the same way been reproduced three or four times. The real bust-maker in Italy never touches the marble. He may suggest or order hair strokes here and there, but he does not handle the scraper himself. In all this the workman, though he may execute, unassistedly, the statue, the head, or the group, is no more the author of his work than is the clerk who copies the Prime Minister's rough draft, or the calligraphist who engraves a set of resolutions. You can see how impossible it would be for sculptors occupying and requiring in this way the work of many men, to transport their studios to America."

"SPRANGLING THROUGH THE NOSES."—Bishop Pierce gives some interesting letters, in the Southern Methodist papers, from the Far West—he has recently been travelling in Texas, and as, in most of the West, "conscientious scruples" are entertained by good Methodists against Eastern methods of singing, the Bishop gives us the following example of the Texan method: "Next day, Sunday, I preached again, and for variety's sake, must say a little about the singing. After prayer, I gave out a short metre hymn. A brother who had been leading the music, raised a common metre tune. Thinking to relieve him, I announced the metre again. He tried the second time, and failed. Seeing that he was embarrassed, I remarked, 'We will omit singing,' and commenced giving out my text. When I had stated book, chapter and verse, another brother, apparently resolved upon a song, tried his voice upon a tune. He missed badly. Supposing that he had not heard me, I said, a little louder, 'We will omit singing,' and again was telling where my text might be found, when to everybody's amusement, and nearly to the overthrow of my own gravity, a third man lifted his voice, and the sound 'sprangled' among the notes generally, without specifying any. The privilege of laughing would have been a relief, but that would have been a rare preface to a sermon, and so, holding my muscles to the right place, by a st